

THE OTHER MAN

RICHARD LLOYD JONES

Richard Lloyd Jones

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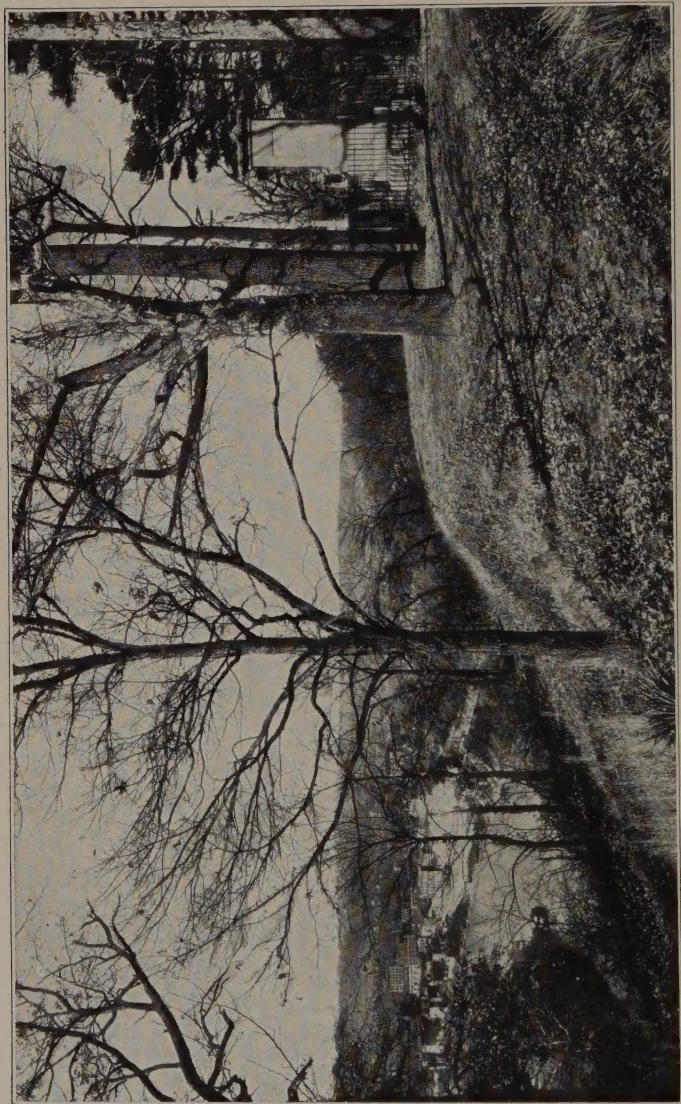
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THE OTHER MAN

AND OTHER

Saturday Sermonettes



THE GRAVE OF DANIEL BOONE

See page 36

THE OTHER MAN

AND OTHER

Saturday Sermonettes

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BY

RICHARD LLOYD JONES
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FOREWORD

FOR the last four years it has been the practice of the editor of The Tulsa Tribune to write once a week a Saturday Sermonette which has been carried on what is known as our Saturday Church Page, where it has been framed in halftone pictures of the principal churches of Tulsa, together with their Sunday announcements. Citizens who are interested in the church movement in a broad, inclusive, non-denominational way, have generously contributed to make this not an editorial feature but an advertising one, promoting the go-to-church practice.

For the fourth time a year's collection of these Saturday Sermonettes is assembled into book form to meet the many requests from our readers.

Once more I wish to gratefully acknowledge the generous co-operation and support of these good friends who have made it possible for me to put these Sermonettes to this good use.

The church is the spiritual center of neighborliness. It is the school of friendliness. It is the place where the best of each one of us finds communion with the best of others. Too often and too long has Christendom been divided into denominational

factions, each part so insulated as to prohibit generous and friendly feeling and contact with the others. One of the hopeful signs of the future is the growing spirit of fraternity among the churches and the disposition to make denominational differences fade before the approach of the truer light that comes from the lesson of the Life that spoke the Golden Rule as the simple and adequate creed, the bond of union so infinitely broader than the interpretative articles that divide.

The church that will think with justice and with friendliness of The Other Man and his church is Christian, by whatever name it is known, and to each such church and churchman these Sermonettes are dedicated.

RICHARD LLOYD JONES.

December 10, 1923.
Tulsa, Oklahoma,

THE OTHER MAN

AND OTHER

Saturday Sermonettes

THE OTHER MAN

NO BIBLE line is burdened with a better sermon than "Love thy neighbor as thyself." The man whose obsession is himself is the fellow the world has little use for. He does not even know how best to serve himself. He serves himself best who serves others best. The man who thinks only of what he can get away from the other fellow by sharp practice, intrigue and trick; who cultivates those mental talents that operate to "do" others is sure to die lonely and unloved. He is the kind the spirit of Christ has never touched. He is the kind who, professing a piety he does not practice, uses the church as a sheep's skin to cover his wolfish soul, and so long as that church lets him do so he puts that church in disrepute.

The church deserves that disrepute just so long as it will prostitute itself by making a social and commercial pirate a prominent parishioner for

pay, so long as for the sake of getting his gold it will whitewash a blackmailer with the office of vestryman or make a scoundrel deacon.

All too many of our preachers evidence a cowardice that is as unchristian as it is contemptible by their neglect to preach the truth about offences against the ten commandments today while feigning a courage by bravely discussing the politics of Paul safely dead and out of date by twenty centuries. It is little wonder that the modern pulpits are looked upon with no small measure of scepticism when we see preachers courting ill gotten gold instead of nobly battling the enemy of decency and of good.

A man who aspired to be a "big man" boasted that his loftiest ambition was to get all the money he possibly could. He had no idea of doing any good with his gold when acquired. He was a glutton for publicity. He wanted much of it and got little. He wrote his own pathetic epitaph when in a solicited interview he said, "I take care of myself." His thought of himself is fast making people think less and less of him.

The most important individual in the world is not yourself but the Other Man. That truth is the keynote of civilization. It is the truth that so fired Lafayette, the gallant 19-year-old noble-

man, that he left his young wife and child in his ancestral home in France, and sailed away to bring men, money and his own personal strength to help weak, unknown America struggle up onto a firm foundation of national independence.

It is the same truth that so inspired the whole American people, except a few miserable obstructionists, that they in their turn gave up the flower of their young manhood for the sake of the "Other Man."

The feeling of a man for the "Other Man" is the measure of his civilization. It marks the distance in his evolution that he has left the brute behind. In living for the "Other Man" he helps himself in the most effective way possible. In doing his best to make this world good for everybody, he makes it good for himself. In saving the common property of the nation from private greed and exploitation he is making life safe and comfortable for his own children as well as for the children of the "Other Man." He is doing the kindest possible thing for himself.

Few men, even savages, are so base that they want to do anything to harm their own. That love of offspring is the first feeble spark of Godhead way back in the mother wolf who lays down her life because she will not desert her cub caught in

the hunter's trap. All the better forces of life, with absolute unanimity, work to the fostering of that small flame. And just as truly the injurious forces work against it.

It is in great instances of unselfishness and sacrifice of the saints and heroes of the Past that we find the divine spark which we carefully preserve in song and story to inspire the youths of today.

Who are the saints and martyrs but men and women so possessed by the feeling for the Other Man that their own self love is lost in their love for others.

This altruism is the measure of the hold the spirit of Christ has upon a man. Prayers, rituals, contributions are but mockery, except as accompanied by this solicitude for the welfare of others. They are but sounding brass and tinkling cymbal.

The man who robs children of their childhood, who wrings usurious rent from miserable tenements, who exploits the helpless, is only the worse hypocrite as he donates to the "Cause of the Lord."

In his "Pillars of Society" Ibsen tells the story of a grasping avaricious ship owner who prized gold so much and life so little that he heavily insured a worthless, unseaworthy ship and sent her to sea, crew and passenger laden, knowing that the first tempest would toss her to destruction.

Though all lives might be lost, his gain would be gold. Appalling anguish and distress befell him when he found that his own son had stowed-away on the doomed ship. He thought of himself but not of the Other Man. He was calloused to grief until it touched his threshold.

In one of his telling plays Clyde Fitch reveals the rich widow who inherited the tenement building that gave her and her child a life of luxury and ease by pinching into misery the lives of other mothers and other children. Though she boasted of her church connections her church had never given her even a suggestion of what Christianity is. It had fawned upon her to get her ill gotten gold instead of spurring her conscience to a consideration of others. What her church had failed to do a disastrous fire did.

"The settlement over there" gave a Christmas party in that miserable tenement and her child went there to see the poor babies play about the Charity Christmas Tree. The tree took fire and the fire trap she had kept for other babies consumed her own while her shrieks pierced through her calloused conscience and at last made a Christian of the churched but unchastened soul.

No church is Christian and no preacher is deserving to be called a disciple of Him Who came

among us to teach us how to do good that does not publicly rebuke such parishioners as these.

The clear eye, the sensitive ear, the sympathetic heart, are the first and most welcome offering to our Maker.

In the degree that we have these, do we show ourselves His children. We may stumble and grope and fall as we try to follow His teachings, but, in proportion as we have these traits, are we right-minded, and our blunderings but earnest and pitiful strivings in His sight.

The influence of Christ as it gains hold of a man has a wonderful effect. It hallows him. It illumines him. It intensifies all his faculties. Power flows into him from every source. The stars in their courses fight on his side. Nothing of real strength is antagonistic to him because he has aligned himself with the Ultimate and the Inevitable. All he does helps to hasten the better day for all.

His heart, so full of love, has no place for any ill-will. Antagonisms that are the inevitable reactions to other people never rise up against him.

As Christianity gets hold of a man, his ears are opened to the pleas for justice and the cries of the unfortunate to a degree unheard of before. The sweet voices of his children at home hold for him

overtones of the voices of all the little children of the earth.

The warmth and cheer of his own hearth make him sensitive, as never before, to the conditions of the home of every other man: so sensitive that he can never be really at peace until the homes of all men are cheery and all little children are healthy and happy.

The spirit of love has so sharpened his eyes that in every child he sees his own. Can he then defraud the little one?

The true father sees his son in every other man's son, and is eager to see every other man's boy have the chance he wishes to be his boy's opportunity.

Christianity is the greatest educational force the world has ever known. The most debased nations, as the most debased men, are not those that have never known Christianity, but those who professing it, deny and defy it by every deed.

As Christianity grows in the heart, the sordid notion of mere gain for luxury fades away. Eternal imperishable ideals gain possession when we begin to think of the Other Man.

A man's life takes on the diviner flavor of Happiness only from the consciousness of good work well done.

Only by being at peace with the Other Man is any man at peace with his Maker.

CHEVRONS

WE ARE all hero worshippers; we love the picturesque. When our boys in the service were coming home from the World War how eager we were to make the acquaintance of every lad who wore the uniform. Recall the pictures that gave us thrills. That lad with the limp or the one with the empty sleeve—how he could chill us and thrill us if we dared to quiz him enough to learn his story.

There were stripes on this fellow's arm near the shoulder and others just like them, only reversed above the cuff of his sleeve.

"Chevrons" he called them. Did you know their significance? Gold means this, red that, blue something else, and silver, too, has a different tale to tell. What is the green and red cord for? The star above those "V's"—on which arm? Does that make a difference too? Is he a sergeant or only a colonel? All honor to the boys who wore our uniform for us.

It is not a bad thing for a boy to feel for a brief time that he belongs to all the people of his country. It was a wonderful thing, even if tragic, for a land to have her young men wear the emblem of her service. The two years that America's youth

wore her uniform in the great World War were two years big with significance. Our country might be better if all civilians wore a badge of service to the state.

Service was fast becoming the intelligent civilian ideal even before the war. Some men and women got the idea early and their lives are crowned with a permanent glory because of their devotion to others. They make up the roll of our national heroes; the William Lloyd Garrisons, Walter Reeds, Peter Coopers and Tom Johnsons, not to mention our stars of the first magnitude, Washington, Jefferson and Lincoln. The war plunged all our young men into service and many older men could not stay out of the fight and went along to "serve the servers."

With a powerful foe menacing her, America was an object to thrill and draw her sons to her aid. But America with that visible foe downed forever is still imperilled. The problems of peace are every bit as sinister as the problems of war and as important; and there must go into the maintenance of peace the same kind of intense study and foresight as went into the conduct of the war.

We wish that every boy who doffed his uniform and put on civilian clothes might still wear on sleeve or breast a conspicuous mark, medallion,

gold braid, or what you will—but always a mark of service to America. Would that he might wear a badge that would say to the world, “I am a soldier of my country; sworn to her service; pledged to the support of her ideals; tested and true. For her I have gone through a trial by fire; I laid my life on her altar, a willing sacrifice, should she have need of it. My love for her, my loyalty to her, my faith in her shall never die. To the day of my death I am hers to command. Anything that menaces her, that imperils her, I am against; be it an unjust law, a corrupt judge, a faithless public servant, a wrong ideal. To the best of my vision and ability I fight for the welfare of America.

There is much in the color and martial charm of the military that we miss in times of peace. It is a great thing to learn to march together, to keep step as one man. War finds the common denominator among men. The war again crystallized us into a nation. We sang together, rejoiced together, mourned together, exulted together. Every chevron is a symbol of that communism. Could we but keep that communism and keep it in peace!

Though we give up the chevron mode of service, let us remember that the discerning eye can always read the badge of service on a man where the careless see it not.

Many souls among us as we tread our daily paths are wearing chevrons. One sees them in the calm, the cheeriness, the absence of strain, the peace, which declare as unmistakably as could ever a medal, that that man has lived a life of service and knows the satisfaction and happiness that comes only from such a life.

The Christ Himself came upon this earth to serve. May we, His children, have eyes that are open to see the honor marks of His service, and hearts that are ready to yield homage to all His soldiers of the Good.

TRY TO LIGHTEN YOUR LOAD

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN made his famous philosopher of the Almanac say, "Laziness travels so slowly that poverty soon overtakes him," and then Poor Richard adds, "There are lazy minds as well as lazy bodies." It is the qualifying second sentence that makes the first one true. The lazy body is often the source of inspiration which pilots the way to wealth rather than want. It is only the lazy mind that goes headlong into destitution.

Dr. David Swing, one of the greatest pulpit powers America has produced, often said that he made it his practice never to stand up when he could sit down, and never to sit down when he could lie down.

In the eyes of a boiler-maker he might have appeared a lazy man. Yet the virgin forest of America made the acquaintance of no man more industrious than this great preacher who conserved his energies that they might be fed to the furnace of a brain that was working with all the power and pressure that the safety valve of life could hold within control.

It is not the amount of exercise which you give biceps and thigh that counts but the intelligence

with which you direct that exercise. If the boiler-maker could give to the world a constructive philosophy upon which legislators might build helpful laws for humanity he would be rendering the world an infinitely greater service than by welding rivets and accumulating muscle in the process.

McCormick grew tired of swinging the scythe and raking up the fallen grain into bundles to bind. He looked across the ages through which bent backs had wearily plodded under the burden of heavy labor without thought of finding a better way, and he set out upon the benignant task of helping to lighten labor and invite the world into greater leisure by converting a laborious task into a lazy man's job.

Folks guyed McCormick; they called him "lazy." He dreamed of the day when he could straighten out the bent backs of the men who tilled the soil. His dream came true. He lightened the load and paved the way for inventive genius to augment his fundamental scheme so that men today find it as easy to harvest the golden yields of a thousand acres as it once was to gather the grain from ten.

It is the lazy mind and not the lazy body that is forced to carry the over-load of life. It's the fellow who employs his wits and not his flexors

and extensors who learns how to so lighten his load as to achieve the most.

Some fellow was too lazy to walk upstairs, so the elevator came without which the sky-scraper would have been impossible in spite of the bridge builders' art of construction.

Some fellow observed women wrestling to wring the water from garments when the wash was done, and he sat down to build a machine that would wring clothes. It was a lazy device, but it went a long way to emancipate women from the wash tub. It conserved their energies that they might be put to other more humanizing uses.

Another fellow saw women sewing, a stitch at a time, and he put a nimble brain and nimble fingers to the job of finding out how one push of the foot would make half a hundred stitches—a lazy device that blessed humanity.

The typewriter came not as a relief to the fellow who was willing to plod along as a copyist but to the fellow who refused to be the slave of drudgery, and who proposed to show men how they could do more work with less effort, and have time in which to do other needed things, or have a little time for play.

The telephone and the telegraph came to relieve men from using their legs in transmitting messages.

The steam engine and the steam boat came because there were men in too much of a hurry to be content with the fixed pace of trade winds or the mileage capacities of the faithful horse.

A fellow got tired standing up at a type case picking out letters as a chicken picks up corn, so today the printer sits down and writes a line-o'-type and we have type casters. We use type but once and dump it. A lazy device that increases production.

It is not the working muscle but the working mind that fills the world with glory.

In these modern days we hear much of Labor, as if it were a classification of mankind that put in one group all those who use muscle and into another group all those who use mind, with all the glory going to brawn and none to brain. This is a fallacy which Labor itself should resent and repudiate because he uses his muscles best who directs them with a working brain. It is this truth which has brought into much use the word efficiency. Efficiency simply means doing the greatest amount of work with the least expenditure of effort.

The housewife who has not brains enough to plan her labors, may work long hours with little to show in the form of a house in order.

It is not how hard you work that is glorious, but how well you work; not how much you do, but how much you get done that measures your worth.

He who can devise a new way by which labor is lessened and output is multiplied renders a service infinitely more glorious and gives to the poet a higher theme than he who with closed mind accepts his fate and contents himself with being counted a plain plodder.

Every man who learns how to lighten his own load, to lessen his labor, and to deliver his product is a benefactor to mankind. It is the men who put their minds on their work who find a better way and usher in the better day.

The glory of democracy is that it not only invites but encourages everyone to lift himself up from the bondage of muscle to the enlightened activities of brain.

RICHES

WEALTH is never a menace except when it becomes a master. Rome conquered the world but wealth conquered Rome. When gathered into one huge, concentrated pile, riches, like muck, become offensive but when spread over the land make the earth fertile and fruitful.

That country is richest which has the widest distribution of wealth and which knows least of the hideous chasm between rich and poor, the canyon that divides hopelessly, that divorces understanding, that causes only hatred, envy and contempt.

Money is an instrument, never an end in life. He who dies leaving nothing but riches, dies poor. Only he is rich who lives richly.

No wise man despises gold. Gold is good. Money is the receipt for labor. It becomes bad only when put to bad uses. Like the chisel it is a dangerous instrument when it falls into unskilled hands. In skilled hands the chisel will carve ornaments full of grace and beauty. In untrained hands it mars.

The test of intelligence is not one's ability to get gold but to use it. The small mind is engaged only in the game of getting; the big mind is employed in the problem of making the wisest use of gain.

Education is the only safeguard to prosperity. A nation without intelligence cannot stand the test of riches. Wealth with wisdom equals liberty. Wealth with ignorance equals license. Liberty emancipates; license enslaves.

Gold is the worst enemy of him who merely gets it and holds it; it is the friend of him who can wisely use it.

Wealth is an imperious master. No man is so poor as he who merely covets, schemes, plans and devises for gain. He is the slave of the wealth he seeks. But he who dictates to wealth is master, and fortune falling into his hands makes for good.

There never was a mansion too fine to be the home of man. There never was woven wool too good to clothe a gentleman. There never was a fabric too soft or silken to grace the form of woman.

The curse of wealth is excess, the duplication of fine things beyond the limits of need. One mouth can eat but one dinner. No man can wear a dozen sets of clothes at one time. A man who tries to live in many houses is without a home.

Gold becomes glorious only when it does good. The wealth of a nation is measured not by its commerce but by its contentment.

The right to riches is not determined by mere possession but by the wise use of wealth. He is rich who has gained his gold without spot or blemish and who builds his pride not upon his gold but upon the smiles which his gold has brought to many faces.

Riches are restless. Gold flows like the tide and recedes as quickly. Life is short. Wealth is nothing but burdensome baggage unless wisdom knows how to make it a blessing. Riches without understanding are like a body without a soul.

Happiness is never the lot of the miser. No rich man knows happiness unless he can wed his wealth to wisdom. Wealth is a responsibility. Every man who has it owes to society a strict accounting. He cannot dodge his stewardship and hold the respect of men.

The man who gains wealth through unfair practices is a pirate. The world has no place for pirates.

One of the richest men in America, one of the richest men in the history of the world, amassed his fabulous fortune by such unfair dealings, such underhanded methods and by such wilful disregard for the laws of the land that he found himself overtaken by an unescapable public contempt. In the days when he was blinded by his lust for gold,

he defied the courts and rudely violated our laws. He foolishly but firmly believed that his gold-getting put him above the law. He hurdled state lines and destroyed his own business records to evade punishment. And when at last he was called "one of the richest men in the world," he found that he was one of the world's poorest. He was without the respect of his fellowmen.

Then it was he set out to buy back the respect which he had lost. He tried to justify his former foul practices by hushing preachers and seeking to secure their praise by generous subsidies, propping up weak colleges, hurling a great university into one city and a hospital into another and by substantially subsidizing a much needed and benignant scientific research work. He grew to have a passion for good work.

With the fortunes he acquired in bad work he sent an army of earnest and right-minded men into good work but all the hired help he was able to engage could do little more than conduct that good endeavor. They could not iron out of his furrowed face the deep lines etched by a cramped character.

Another rich man made his money in honest ways. In his business and out of his business he studied ways and means of improving the environs of those who worked for him and with him. Their

welfare was his welfare ; he gloried in seeing their sons and daughters find a bigger, better life. He had no strikes to fight, no courts to evade, no boundary lines to hurdle. He used his riches to make the world richer. He was a man of riches, who was a rich man.

METAMORPHOSIS

THE standards of life today are topsy-turvy. A new feeling of world-brotherhood has taken possession of us, a love of ideals, such as the ideal of democracy, even though a benevolent autocracy may at times seem more efficient. One of the time-worn notions that is happily being lost by this subversion of ideals is the old prejudice against work. There is a new sense of common peril, a new sensitiveness to common danger, and a new rising for the common aid.

The old business of being a "Lady" has gone forever. No woman worth the name is content to sit safe and secure on inherited moneybags and be a drone or parasite. If she is, this upheaval in the business of the world is ready and willing to tip up her serene life-raft of securities and pitch her uncomfortably and salutarily into the cold and tonic waters of reality.

The "Gentleman" of today is not a well-dressed loafer but a well-trained worker who has the good will of others much at heart. The gentleman of today lives for The Other Man.

We are losing our old sense of seclusion. We are glowing with a new sense of nationalism. The flag as a symbol is eloquent of an America so daz-

zling, so vital, that we wonder at our stolid acceptance of it.

Through pain, through frightful travail and agony, the world is being born again. We have lost our old sense of reticence. We stand or fall not by the reflected glory of inherited wealth, or family prestige. Every man and woman must measure up to the standard: "What can you do for the common good?"

The word "business" was first used in the time of Chaucer as a term of contempt for people who worked. It was spelled "busyness." In those days the wealth and rewards of the world were in the hands of men who gave their lives to conspicuous waste of both time and money. He who destroyed most was honored above all others. If one aspired to dignity or respect, one could not wield a hoe nor carry a parcel. Now the clamor of the public tongue is training the soft and gentle lady to consider the errand boy and not order a spool of thread sent home.

A few years ago a man who advertised in the newspapers was regarded with suspicion. Even yet we have a survival of this prejudice in groups of professional men who look with disfavor on any one among them who advertises. But common sense is triumphing over sentimentality. The Chi-

nese pose—"My miserable household extends its compliments to your august family"—has gone. Our sense of humor sends all that nonsense into limbo.

The professional man who advertises is no longer an irregular. Great changes have come into the world of public opinion. In our colleges advertising is taught as a profession. Business men in city groups study it as a science. Every philanthropic organization pays its meed of respect to the value of publicity. Life in the open is no longer a disgrace.

Advertising is stating who you are, where you are, and what you can do for the world in the way of commodity or service. The only man who should not advertise, and who doesn't is the man who has nothing to offer and as Elbert Hubbard says, "He is a dead one whether he knows it or not."

Advertising is a natural sequence to the new idea of business as service. The only way to abolish the undemocratic caste system of servant and of served, is for every one to join the serving class. Then we have just one big, all-inclusive class of workers.

Work is life. Without a life expression in work there is mere existence. Big souls have always

felt this truth. Petty souls have always been choked and stunted by the force of circumstance.

Big souls break away from luxury, abjure advantage, strip off incumbering impediments and set themselves to Spartan simplicity that they may work. Big souls are born and thrive in times of peril.

Humanity will climb to greater heights because it has been jolted from its sense of security and because each man is learning to lean on no one but himself.

Merged into the general crowd, one loses all sense of isolation, throws off all self-consciousness, and stands forth one man among all men. He rates his own strength by that of his neighbors, appreciating his own gifts and talents as he does theirs. He is animated by a healthy, natural outlook on the world. This must be considered an enormous gain in democracy even though it has been purchased at a frightful price.

LINCOLN IN THE MUD

A GROUP of high federal officials were seated around a table in a Washington home reviewing a portfolio of photographs of the various Lincoln monuments and memorials. They came to a small, indifferently made and unmounted print of the Weinman statue of Lincoln taken just after the plinth had been anchored to the pedestal in the courthouse square in Hodgenville, Kentucky, before the citizens of Lincoln's native town had attempted to plot and park that ancient little county-seat setting to meet the compliment of high art which the legislature of Kentucky and the Congress of the United States had jointly ordered to be placed there.

This little, loose-leaf print was about to be quickly turned over that the handsome large photograph of this same statue and others might in their order be reviewed when a staying hand was reached out by one of the officials, who said:

"Wait; there's Lincoln in the mud. That's the finest thing of Lincoln I have ever seen. And I'll bet they've gone and spoiled it by fussin' up that whole thing with conventional flower beds and geometrically trimmed hedges. Look at that country town road going down there. Look at that

country store over on the side. That's the kind of a store Lincoln knew when he was young. He's gone out of that store many a time, and gone out in the middle of that mud to help a fellow fix up his whiffle-tree or wire a tire that was working loose from the felly of a perplexed farmer's wheel. Why look at it," he said, in admiration, "there sits Lincoln in the kind of town he knew, among the kind of people he knew; there he sits meditating on the problems of just such people as these. All your Lincoln statues in your parks and on your boulevards where he never played or paraded are misfits. This is the real thing. I want a copy of this print before the negative is lost because we can't get another. They've probably spoiled it by parking, deprived us of this one fine chance to see Lincoln in the mud."

Through the rest of that evening all interest in the other memorials and monuments faded. About that carelessly inserted little print which none of these men were going to pause to notice, grew an evening's exchange of ideas.

Lincoln's great love rested not with the people who were up but with the people who were struggling to get up.

He was a boy who was willing to wade through the cold water of a swollen spring freshet to carry

over the little dog who was afraid to swim the stream.

He was a young man, willing to get down from his horse and soil his boots in the mud to release a poor pig that was pinned under a fence.

He was a President who, when weighed down with the cares of leading a divided people through the black clouds of war and hate, had time, along the firing lines, to pick up a motherless kitten lost in the confusion of an ever-changing camp and bring it to a saucer of milk.

He was a President who, when found polishing his boots in the basement of the White House by the aristocratic Charles Sumner who asked, "Why, Mr. President, do you shine your own boots?" replied, "Well, whose boots would I shine?"

With our growing affluence and the ease that results from the accumulation of easily acquired wealth we need some land marks that will remind us of Lincoln in the mud; the man among plain people, the man who could live the habits of the plain people, even though he be in the highest place and in the people's finest palace. We need to be reminded of the wealth of contentment that the fertile soil of simplicity grows.

America is lost if she ever fails to constantly revitalize herself with men who are touched with

pity for all human misfortune, men who will instinctively feel the pang of hurt when they see another come to harm, men who are unashamed to shed tears at the sight of a broken heart, men who are flooded with a sense of sadness and sympathy at the thought of the thousands whose lives are dull and hopeless, men who will be eager to demand and effect legislation that would lessen human ills.

He who stopped the review of this portfolio of pictures brought out the one picture of Lincoln which America most needs to see.

Lincoln leaves us no finer challenge than to learn to walk in the mud with men—to be pal to the plodder.

THE SPIRIT OF WASHINGTON

AGAIN we honor the memory of George Washington. In our school days we were taught to think of him as "The Father of Our Country." Our patriotism was stirred by the story of his devotion to the democratic ideal for which he unsheathed his sword.

Today the nation may well take invoice of its spiritual assets. It is worth while to now measure our history for a century and a half and determine if it be a story of merit or if, through all these years, we have been following false ideals.

We have recently come out of a war, made glorious by our defense of the liberties which George Washington bequeathed us. Yet the pacifists would not have had us defend those liberties.

Let us measure this man Washington. Has our love for his name been a fetish or did he lay the foundations of a patriotism that is worth perpetuating?

Washington was not a man of letters. He read little and wrote less. Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Jefferson, both of the Adams', Thomas Paine and Alexander Hamilton were all men of greater learning.

What had Washington that was great? Washington had a great ideal of a free people's government, a government that was not built upon individual liberty, not the license of anarchy, not a government that permitted every man to do just as he pleased; but a government of collective liberty, of collective independence, a government built upon collective honor, a patriotism built upon a common integrity.

Washington was a man of great and sound fundamental judgment. He was a man of great administrative ability, a man who had infinite patience in handling detail. He was industrious and practical and faithful to his convictions. He worked unceasingly for his ideal.

Washington was a man of deeds and not words. He had not the ready wit of Franklin, the ringing oratory of Patrick Henry, nor the searching philosophy of Thomas Jefferson. But he had extraordinary fidelity.

Washington was a persistent worker. He wrote a friend, "I rise at 4 in the morning and do my work while others are at sleep."

This meant much in those days when houses were not equipped with steam radiators and electric buttons. It meant that he kindled his own fires and lighted his own candles.

All was not as easy for the great builder of democracy as the average school boy fancies. Washington did not have a united people. Wilson had his pro-Germans, Washington had his tories. Wilson had his pacifists to contend with. Washington had his Quakers, the non-conformists, opposing him in Philadelphia, the metropolis and capital of the struggling republic. Traitors were in his camp. Treason crept in to wreck him. Jealousies sprang up among the petty politicians of the time as they do today, and there were rivalries among the thirteen colonies. There was an accumulation of discouragements sufficient to dishearten an army of stout hearts.

A man less resolute, less faithful to the future, would have quit in the face of such an army of disbelievers, such a multitude of shallow, visionless minds, who were too pleased with the lines of least resistance to give battle for your freedom and mine.

It is because Washington stood like a stern, rocky cliff defying all the winds that came from the vast sea of unrest that there has been built up in this country a spirit of Americanism that has triumphed over all the defamers of American democracy.

The spirit of Washington lives in the hearts of millions of his countrymen who are devoted to his ideals, who have inherited from him some measure of his courage and who seek to emulate the lofty character of his high and unconquerable integrity.

In Washington's time we were an isolated nation—isolated by vast seas.

In Washington's time Europe was held fast in the firm grip of monarchical government. Washington warned his fellow patriots and those who were to inherit our battle-born liberties, against "entangling alliances."

Today those who lack the vision to see the birth of the larger humanity and the great international fellowship and the possibility of perpetuating peace in the brotherhood of mankind that is to be ushered in with a League of Nations or something like it harp like a fiddler with one string on Washington's warning of "entangling alliances."

Washington's little nation, composed of 13 states, would have failed utterly had they not been bound by an enduring alliance.

Thirteen staves without a hoop will not make a barrel.

Thirteen states without a bond will not make a nation.

The United States of America means nothing but the united nations of America, living amicably without hurtful jealousies, with industrial co-operation, and with a common integrity that is ever being intensified as the spirit of Washington finds greater understanding in the minds of his countrymen and greater sympathy in the hearts of those he lived to help.

Washington would be the first, with his vision, to endorse the international brotherhood, and the high humanitarian ideals of the League of Nations. He would be the first to support it with power.

Our country is not measured alone by geographical lines. It is measured also by moral ideals. America, if she be true to the immortal Washington, will never be content to count soil or sea as the sole measure of our national assets. We will become a power for good by becoming the meddling power, if you please, that will interfere with a power pledged to cruelty. America was born to emancipate mankind.

Murder and wanton hunger must be stamped out of life all 'round the world. To make that possible in one country, Washington gave his life. To make it possible in all countries some sort of a League of Nations, which will carry on the spirit of Washington, shall be born.

Some kind of a league of nations, some sort of a federation that will lay foundations for perpetuating peace is the promise of the interstate of the world. It is the effort to spread the spirit of Washington over all the world.

AMONG THE HILLS

ON A HIGH rock cliff that overlooks a broad bend of the Kentucky river is to be found the grave of Daniel Boone. Nestled beneath his lofty resting place is the little city of Frankfort, the capital of the great, strong, populous state that his courage and faith carved out of a wilderness.

Daniel Boone was not afraid to tackle big things alone. He knew how to take counsel with himself. The society of his fellow men was as pleasant to him as to any man; but it was not essential to either his happiness or his labor.

It is as often hours of solitude that measure a man's power and capacity as his ability to meet and cope with the wits of men.

The pioneers who turned their plows toward the setting sun and drew fresh furrows in the virgin prairie were men of courage. The wilderness of centuries did not dismay them. They felt the glory of working in the unfenced fields and of being alone in the great wide out-of-doors.

In these days, so complex and intricate with the cross-weave of our social fabric, we too seldom take time to counsel with ourselves, take invoice of our strength, measure our courage, and find the path that leads to the larger destiny.

It is not enough to retire to a library nook and commune with great minds that have recorded their philosophy of life. All that is good; but the man gains much who once in a while slips away from the stress and worry of commercial or industrial strife, away from the recreational contact with magazines and books, and LIVES for a while alone among the changeless realities of nature, facing the handiwork of God. It is good for each of us at times to play the great game of Daniel Boone and find ourselves Among the Hills.

Our lives are not too strenuous if we but keep acquainted with ourselves. We blunt the edges of our personality by constant contact with others. Most of the world's richness has come out of periods of great loneliness.

Moses was a leader of men. But his lasting contribution, the Ten Commandments came to him not when he was trying to marshal a mob, but on the lonely mountain top of Sinai where he had climbed to be alone with God.

It was upon a mountain that Christ delivered his greatest sermon. And he went into the garden of Gethsemane to get the strength that carried him through the crucifixion.

In the silence that clothed a country hillside Joan of Arc heard her despairing country's call.

Among the Hills one finds the eloquent silence that is the soul's safest leader and surest teacher. Many a man, unafraid among men, is cowardly left alone. The leader of men never lacks courage to meet himself Among the Hills. It is among men that man shows his strength. It is in solitude he finds that strength. It was among the pines of the Pyrenees that Columbus found the strength to defy the Old World's unbelief and to go forth in a tiny craft, manned by sceptic sailors, to find for us a new and better world. "The nurse of full-grown souls is solitude."

In the bitter winter of Valley Forge, Washington wandered often into the woods alone to find the **STRENGTH** that built the great nation that today is the hope of a distressed world.

Once there came to Lincoln a tempting offer to divert the paths of his ambitions by becoming, at a handsome salary, the retained counsel of a great railroad. To find his decision he rose very early and walked out to a little grove on the outskirts of Springfield. There in the silence of dawn he won the strength that kept him true to his destiny.

In the days when he was trying to lead his divided people back into unity he found the strength in silent walks about the White House while

other perplexed minds of the time were resting in slumber.

Lasting lessons have been left us by the pioneers of the past without which no man can find himself. And without finding himself no man can achieve his fullest power, measure up to his largest possibility, render his greatest service or reap his richest reward.

Socrates' living maxim, "Know thyself," is the epitome of wisdom.

From the pioneers of the world who learned to think and work alone we may learn the worth of meditative silence. By listening to the voice of the Great Silence, do we become ill content to be mere chattering followers on the heels of thoughtless men.

Strength comes to us in two ways. One by expenditure or exercise of energy—by work. Just as truly it comes also from contemplation, or reflection, from creation in its literal sense. That is why man has such infinite need of God.

The marvel of Genesis is unending. Each new discovery of science, each new star that "swims into our ken" is but one more step in Revelation; one more bit of progress in our understanding of ourselves and of the Infinite. We do not wrest it from Nature in defiance of her laws. Nature re-

veals it to us because we are working in obedience to her laws. All real "men of affairs" learn from the man of meditation. Our part is to listen and to work; not merely to do either, but to do both.

The contemplative life is not the complete life. Neither is the life "good" that struggles endlessly in the market-place and tries to be sufficient unto itself. Contemplation directs action into good deeds.

"Climb the mountains," counselled our John Muir, "and get their good tidings".

Because Daniel Boone's life was a compound of contemplation and activity he towered above his fellow men. That is why his grateful followers with rare appropriateness chose for his grave the commanding spot above the domed capitol of the state he made, where the Kentucky River makes low obeisance at his feet before it too sweeps majestically on its westward way.

A WHITTLER'S SONG

NEAR the close of a brilliantly beautiful day over two hundred years ago when the people of Cremona were merriest in the height of their carnival, three very poor boys began to wonder what they might do to make a little money while the people were still in the spending mood.

Salvator could sing; Gulio could fiddle, but Tonio could do nothing but whittle. They found there was no way they could bring their separate talents into common use so Salvator and Gulio decided to go down the narrow street which led to the banks of the Po and there in the cathedral square where the crowds were gayest Gulio would play upon his violin the airs of Lombardy while Salvator would sing. Tonio went with his pals silently humiliated that he had no talent which was worth reward or which could please the people who passed.

The two musicians had not been performing long when an elderly man passing by was attracted by the delicacy of the tones that came from Gulio's violin and the sweet flute-like voice of Salvator. He paused and when they had finished their song he asked them to repeat it. Then he slipped them a coin and went his way. The boys

were elated and decided that they had made earning enough, for their departed auditor had given them a coin of gold.

"Who can he be?" inquired Tonio.

"Why, do you not know," answered his tuneful pals. "That is Amati, the master violin-maker of all Italy. He whittles wood, bends it and fits it and makes the most wonderful violins."

Tonio did not share the gold coin, for he had had no part in earning it. He spent a sleepless night not in dismay nor disappointment but in anticipation. He had found out where the great Amati lived, and early in the morning he collected wooden daggers, ornamented bows, carved clock shelves and other things he had whittled with his knife and before breakfast was knocking at the door of the great Amati's house.

The servant refused to admit him.

"But I must see him," demanded Tonio.

The great Amati hearing voices at the door stepped to the threshold and there saw the youth holding out to him the exhibits of his whittling skill. Tonio plead with the master violin-maker to teach him how to whittle out and bend the boards which go together to make a violin. Amati at once recognized skill in the carvings of the boy

and soon little Tonio was working for and with the great violin-maker.

Amati taught this child of Cremona that the most beautiful things are the products of greatest patience; that hurry harms. Imperfect work is futile. He taught him that the world is made beautiful by the labors that are endowed with love. And so Tonio, the whittler, who could neither sing nor play, began to make violins for others to play. He himself could not draw out the music but he could build the resonant reservoir through which the master musician could voice his soul.

From his great master Tonio learned that it was the song in the heart and not the song in the throat that lived longest in this world; that if there be a song in the soul there is always a way to sing it.

He who puts love, devotion, consecration and conscience into his work sings a song to the world whether it be in playing a flute, writing a poem, painting a picture, carving a statue or cobbling a shoe, forging a plow, turning a lathe or deftly joining timbers.

Tonio put the song that his throat refused to sing into the art of whittling, bending and joining the delicate strips that perfectly adjusted made wonderful violins.

In time the old master Amati died, but his pupil, Antonio Stradivarius worked on making violins that became famous not only in Italy but throughout the world.

Long, long ago Gulio's fingers ceased to vibrate the strings of his friendly fiddle. Salvator's sweet voice is silenced. But the love-labors of Antonio Stradivarius still live, the songs which he sang have been heard in every court and echoed in every country the wide world over.

After two hundred years the master musicians of the world still strive to be the proud possessor of a "Strad". It is the violin which gives the richest song because it is the violin into which has been put the sweetest song of the soul.

In all we do we should remember that it is the spirit with which we do our work, the love we invest in our work and the patience with which we perfect our work that make our lives of lasting good to the world and make our songs still heard after our voices are silenced and our hearts are stilled.

CONVERSATION

GIVE voice to your thought and you have spent it. You have surrendered your idea when you share it.

Speech is the coin of ideas; it is the currency of opinion. Conversation is the counter over which we exchange differences, the avenue along which we reach agreements.

To use speech wisely is as great an art as to spend money wisely. The gabbler is like the spender; he gets no return.

Eloquence is the good investment of inspiration.

Judgment and discretion are as essential to good conversation as to successful banking.

Conversation is common property only between like minds. Loose talk and thoughtful talk have no common denominator. They mix as poorly as coins of foreign mints.

Conversation is the music of minds which is gained when each part is played alone, but lost when, orchestral-like, all parts are played together.

The talk of the maker of a book is always greater than the book he makes.

Conversation is the philosopher's laboratory; it is the generator of ideas, the vent of character as well as of thought.

Conversation at its best is a banquet of ideas. It is the flowering of life's purpose. It is the reciting of the mind's labors. What we are, what we do, what we hope to do, are mirrored in our every day exchange of words.

We gain much or little as the sentences that reach our ears are good or poor. And we can give much or little by our words.

Silence is as much a part of conversation as is speech. The art of listening is not second to the art of talking. Good sense perceives the moment when conversation is agreeable or tiresome, when it helps or hinders a thought, and makes it disappear the moment before it could be accused of staying too long.

In conversation the fool only is troublesome. He gains nothing and gives nothing by affecting a superior ability of speech he does not possess.

Conceit causes wasteful conversation. Wit gives worth to talk.

Responsiveness sustains conversation. Assume a part above your partner in conversation and the exchange closes. Conversation depends always upon trade. If you enter it without sufficient stock of knowledge to balance the account you soon encounter monologue which, like an unwound watch, soon runs down.

THE MOST POPULAR BOOK

WHAT is the best seller this year? It is the same best seller of last year, of next year and of all years to come. The best seller is the Bible. It has been translated into more than 100 languages and has an annual circulation of about 5,000,000 books, testaments and portions.

How many thousands of books about the Bible have been written no man knows, and the average reader does not require the information, because the Bible, whether it is read as literature or as a religious guide, carries its meaning as directly to the untrained as to the trained student.

As the days grow shorter and the evenings longer the question of what to read perplexes many who would like to make their leisure profitable.

Why not read the Bible? In it there is versification which later poets have not equalled, stirring narrative of great adventure, biography of great men who lived prophetic lives, the word which comforts, and a code of ethics so perfect that few men have yet attained it; all told so simply the child mind can comprehend the thought it inspires.

Because it fits into the experience of all, because it applies to the conditions of every age and land,

the Bible is recognized as the world's leading classic.

No man can claim to be educated unless he has read the Bible. An "A. B." graduate need never blush for failure to have read any book except one. But the "A. B." who has not read the Bible is simply "Another Bluff". The Bible is the greatest text book of experience the world has produced. It stands alone in human literature in its exalted conception of manhood in character and conduct. It is the book of supreme wisdom, compassing the understanding of men in things secular as well as things spiritual and divine.

Library shelves are filled with great books, products of great minds, narratives of philosophy that have served a great purpose. But there is only one book that has stood the test of many centuries and endured through ages ever fresh and bright as an altar light when other writings have been reduced to ashes.

It is a plain old book. It is a book of poetry and romance, of faith and morals, but it is more than a book of religion and of revelation. It is a practical book, a working book, a book to live by, live into and live up to. It is the book which teaches every man his own individual responsibilities, his own dignity, his equality with his

fellow men. It is the only book which, with universal application, shows every man how he may help himself most by helping others and be true to his God by being his brother's keeper.

It is the book which makes large-minded men noble-minded men. It is the epitome of history, philosophy, morals and inspiration.

No book was ever more fittingly named because Bible means the "Book of Books".

Faultless in style, our master writers, without exception, have attributed their power to their reading of the Bible. It is terse, graphic, lucid.

In Lincoln's life it was a whole library. It has been the one book in many transfigured lives. It is the book that ought to be familiar to every educated person. But because of our fear of teaching religion we neglect this wonderful book. It should be a part of every well-conceived curriculum. It should be studied as a masterpiece of historical writing and inspired literature.

In all literature there is no book comparable with it in pure morality, high religious tone, sublime conception, grand diction and rich imagery.

It is a pity that our modern system of education fights shy of the Bible for fear of coloring the religious freedom which is the prized heritage of America. We need more teachers to teach the

Bible with the kind of scholarship that can direct the study of it in such a way as to leave each student with his own religious bias uninfluenced. That kind of teaching is a great gain, an immeasurable benefit to every student. Such teaching would broaden the mind, develop tolerance, and give literary culture a firm and enduring foundation.

The more the precepts of the Bible are tested by experience the more they shine, flawless.

The only code which is the same yesterday, today and forever, which is never outgrown, never old-fashioned, never impractical and always impartial is the ethics of Christ.

Ages have distrusted His doctrine in practice, though theoretically believing in it. But the longer we live, the longer the world endures, the more invincible do His teachings stand—the more we find ourselves in need of them.

The Bible is the one book we cannot do without.

PLANT YOUR POWER

PLANTING time is here. In garden and in field we lay seed in the soil with full faith that it will yield abundantly. What gives us that faith? It is the knowledge of nature's ways. Nature determines the law of success. The seed that lies on the surface of the soil and fails to take root will perish and cease to be a living, producing thing. But the seed that takes root finds that nourishment and moisture which give it power to lift up into the sunshine and draw the creative power of the earth into golden fruition.

Curiosity prompts the child to pull the immature radish out of the garden row to see if it is growing. There it withers in the sun. It is robbed of its hold on earth. Its investment is broken.

Life is a success only as the roots grow strong and are able to nourish until the flower smiles in the light of the sun.

But success in life does not mean that we must be fixed and cannot be transplanted. Nurserymen have found that trees may gain strength by transplanting. This is done not by breaking and destroying roots but by carefully taking all of them with the plant and matting them into a small com-

pass. It is possible to transplant and stimulate life. But whether we move or whether we keep our life investment in one place, the whole question of failure or success rests in the power to take root somewhere, somehow, in some field of endeavor that we may reach into the substance of the social soil and bring that into flower which is of service. That is success. All else is failure.

The seed that lies on the surface is wind-tossed; it is moistened by the rain and promptly dried by the sun, yielding nothing because it has failed to invest its potential powers; it has failed to take root and without an investment in a purpose it cannot produce.

Many men drift aimlessly like wind-tossed seed until at the high noon of life they find themselves worth nothing. They are the established citizens of no community; they figure as general free lance critics but in no sense in any place are they a creative power. The time to form the investment habit is gone, and the sunlight of the high noon of life begins to wither the wanderer for he has put no roots into the social soil to feed the demands that are made on life.

Many a man and woman has gone through college on the theory that a degree was the passport to success. Some of our most ignorant people

parade academic degrees. They assume that a bachelor's diploma is the certificate of education, not realizing that education is a continuing process.

Like a seed that has not taken root in fertile soil, the college course becomes parched in the mid-day of life and that which once passed for education soon becomes dry, dusty, unproductive, forgetful of fact and purpose and power unless it is invested to some creative end. That which passed for education dries up and degenerates into positive ignorance.

To be educated one must never stop reading books, loving poetry, thirsting for music, striving for ideals; and working for The Other Man.

So soon as one ceases to search for new thought he becomes commonplace, and if this overtakes him at 30 he is old at an early age.

The "what's-the-use" attitude is the assurance of defeat. Unless one invests himself both in purpose and in a place the time of questioning soon overtakes him and when that time comes things he always accepted loosely and thoughtlessly somehow suddenly seem to lose their foundation and he staggers about trying to find ground on which to stand. But there is no ground that is his.

Creed and customs are no longer accepted just because others believe in them.

The bright sunlight which fills the purposeful life with gladness becomes but a burning process of disappointment to him who has not taken root in life. The plans and purposes and dreams of youth have been crushed and not much seems real or permanent. Ideals have not been realized and then he resorts to the commonest practice of blaming others for his own failure.

To him who has never invested himself in the social soil with the hope of lifting into the sunlight of the heavens a yield of service, comes cynicism and the spirit of confidence and co-operation is pushed out. Selfishness, which in youth is due to thoughtlessness, now becomes systematic and chronic.

The whole purpose of life is to plant the seeds of endeavor in the fertile soil of consecrated purpose. Then will the strong and healthy roots draw that which is eternal and true and ripen that which is of service to all mankind. Then does life's investment yield rich golden dividends of happiness and contentment.

No man can live for himself alone and find happiness.

To live alone is to live as the tumble weed only to find when the sun is at high noon that that which should bring success has brought defeat—

that which should bring happiness has brought bitterness and disappointment.

We live not to help ourselves alone but to help one another. Unless we contribute to the harvest of human good our life is wasted; we have failed to serve, and that which promised much has disappointed more.

"Love never faileth," said the sacred writer. "But whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away. . . .

"And now abideth faith, hope, love, these three; but the greatest of these is love."

And love here means the desire for other's good—so that fundamentally the way to keep young and strong is to work in a whole-souled fashion to enrich others' lives.

THE SPRING VANITIES

EASTER ushers in the new life each year. It is the welcome of the flowers; the earth blooms; nature preens herself in vanity. Life swells with pride. The somber shades of leafless winter are thrown aside. The world puts on her rainbow radiance. Earth warms. The air breathes hope of harvest. All that has been asleep awakes. That which has seemed dead is given life.

We adorn ourselves with color because the heart is filled with hope, and the soul with gladness. It is not a false frivolity. It is not vain-glory or ostentation, for like the peacock with spread feathers, we revel in the world's beauty and glory in the possession of our full share.

It is good at times to have a change of fashion; to try ourselves in new things; to wish to be noticed by others, for the wish to be seen is the wish to seem good. From this is born the wish to be what we seem; to wear within our hearts the glory of light and color, the symbol of life and hope, the earnest of joy.

Vanity is often the forerunner of pride. It is well to dress ourselves in pride, for pride is good, and it is better to be vain than not to have pride enough.

Vanity is good in its idler moments. It is as willing to give pleasure as to take it, and it accepts as sufficient reward for its services a kind word or an approving smile.

Vanity is so anchored in the human heart that the loneliest of those lost in the street covets the worn plume to bring back the echo of the pride that is gone.

It is human to wish to be better than we are. It is well to wish that others should think us still better than we know ourselves to be. It gives us a goal toward which to work—or hope. It is the star to which the poet asked us to hitch our wagon.

Pride is the confession of the strong life within us. It is the noblest offspring of self love. The true love is that which loves not itself most; but loves all well, and itself not least.

Pride is essential to character. It is as right to wish for praise as to give praise.

Vanity alone points to self, never to another; pride is reciprocal.

It is the seed's love for its own life responding to the good will of the warm loam and the gentle air, that brings the flower to bloom and makes the world seem good.

The self consciousness that comes to all living things in the new life of spring is not alone the sense of happiness but the sense of power.

Rejoice in the coming of the colors of spring. Adorn yourself with them. Rejuvenate yourself with the vanities of earth.

Be of the Easter parade with a happy heart and weave into your thoughts the promise of glory and the ripe fulfilment that lies nestled in the petals of every Easter flower.

TURNING FURROWS FOR FREEDOM

NO AMERICAN should be in want of food, for America is the one hope of a hungry world. What every American wants is money enough to buy all the food and clothing and shelter he needs—to be a producer that he may be a consumer.

Luther Burbank, the world's great plant wizard, declares that only food will save the world from the spread of a revolution that is born of want and not of reason. Burbank is right.

Democracy's gardens and fields can swing the balance in the great scales where food faces terrorism. An avalanche of wheat would wipe want off the world.

It is our job to give every man in America a job in the great Wheat versus Want crusade. This does not mean every man must grab a plow, or take his place in the harvest field. But it means that we must use more than back yards and side lots and the long narrow strips that skirt the railroad tracks—it means that we must plow up every bit of our vast unused pastures.

This means machines and machines mean men. It means work in our factories and foundries, it means more rail equipment and more ships. More

food means more factories and a black cloud rising from every industrial stack and chimney in the land. It means marketing and distributing.

Burbank, the botanist spoke as an economist when he cried out to America: "Plow a furrow against the fire of Bolshevism."

We must raise more food, a whole lot more, and better food. And we must find ways to distribute and market food where famine faces folks.

The reconstruction of all war's disorganizations and devastations rests more upon spuds than soviets. The plowman is the great builder of peace. Freedom is ever furrow-born.

Plenty of food means moderation and orderly evolution rather than wretched revolution. It means the expansion into a peaceful and prosperous progressivism here at home.

Famine is the skinny harbinger of revolution. It is the firebrand of Bolshevism. Plow for bread and turn the furrow against the devastating fires of Bolshevism. That is the cry of reason.

The world's wretchedness today forces us to find one of two things—Food or Frightfulness. Out with the tractors and furrow the fields for FOOD.

We must take sharp short-cuts across nature's patient and slow progressions—we must make two

sheaves of wheat or two hills of potatoes grow where but one grew before.

America's great Gardens of Democracy must complete what our little war gardens began.

All his life Luther Burbank has been seeking and effecting the "short cuts" with the result that he has immeasurably enriched the world's table and replenished its food bins.

During the past years he had concentrated his genius and his indefatigable energy upon the perfection of a new pearl white "quality" hard wheat which he tells us contains nearly double the amount of protein of previous types. It is his latest contribution to the Gardens of Democracy. Europe needs such generals as he.

"Every farm must be more wisely and intensively cultivated," declares Burbank, "and more farms must be provided for those demobilized soldiers who desire and are fitted to till them."

Let us demonstrate that we can use the tractors of peace as efficiently as we did the engines of war.

Burbank believes that, most fundamentally important of all, there must be developed among Americans right now, especially among the youngsters, a compelling love for agriculture and horticulture.

"There can be for all, as there is for me," he explained, "as much enjoyment and satisfaction in planting and harvesting a field of corn as there is in viewing a painting, beholding a play or hearing an opera—ineestimably more than can be found along any cabaret alley.

"If the farmer really understood his plants and what he could do with them, he could make of the farm an attraction from which his sons would not go gadding off to the disappointments of the over-crowded cities.

"It should begin in the schools—acquainting children with the wonders and creative possibilities in the plant kingdom. Proper supervision of school gardens and a revolution in the teaching of botany would do much to help.

"Youngsters should be taught to make pets of plants just as they do of birds and animals."

Not a very substantial foundation upon which to build a nation's food production, you think?

"We can only do the things we love to do," is Burbank's answer. "It is a call far more compelling than the mere appeal of money."

And Luther Burbank's life of distinguished achievement supports his words with the best proof.

"Toil in which we delight," he adds, "together with the selection of better seed, more scientific methods, more intelligent distribution of products and the elimination of the parasitic profiteer—in these lies America's best assurance that she can aid the world to avert gigantic, revolutionary bread-lines!"

Burbank, the botanist, is not talking pleasing poetry. He is talking practical patriotism. This great work cannot be done without the organized initiation, co-operation and direction of the state. It is up to Congress and to every state legislature in the nation to start this work and not to be content with just starting it. The legislators of the land must put the machinery into operation that will keep the wheels going.

In the soil is found mankind's emancipation.
TURN THE FURROWS FOR FREEDOM.

SELL YOUR IDEAL

MORAL cowardice is the curse of the world. It has been the curse of all past ages. It is the brake upon progress. It will make the world a slave to prejudice and fear so long as it is the prevalent ailment of men.

All evil quails before public opinion. Public opinion symbolizes the standard of the respectable, not the majority, mind you, but the respectable. There is a strange inherent majesty in decency that makes the nine moral lepers cringe before the one respectable man and accept the stigma of not measuring up to his standard.

Even the worst man has a conscience and a moral ideal, no matter how he may abuse and betray it.

The good man is always a power if he be **BRAVE**. Too often the good man possesses only negative goodness. He has not the courage to live up to his ideals. He has not the courage to betray his ideals. This makes him more impotent than the bad man.

What has made the great, the conspicuous men of the past? A big ideal and the courage to fight for it. The enthusiasm that proselytes and conveys that ideal to others.

The slogan of the business world is "salesmanship." It is studied as a science, a profession, and an art.

The secret of salesmanship is nothing but a belief in your commodity so great that you go buoyantly out against your competitors and impose that belief upon others with such enthusiasm that they want the article and are firm in the idea that they cannot get along without it.

When the good people of the world have less to do with sentimentality and more with sense they will be able to "sell" their ideals.

Churches are waking up. They are advertising their attractions and are getting results as does the merchant in his advertising.

Churches should be the selling agencies of Godliness and friendliness, comfort and encouragement, inspiration and moral power. They cannot succeed unless they believe in their goods so strongly that they are willing to fight for them in the world. Too often they are half-hearted in their espousal of their ideals and a half-hearted salesman never sells anything.

The preacher could fill his church with zealous believers were he to preach as Christ did and oppose the established and political iniquities of his own time. Christ did not go back into the safety

zone of a bygone day for his text and its examples because forsooth he might offend a hearer. Never. Many of our preachers do not dare step into life at any point less than nineteen hundred years ago. The compelling power of Christ's teaching was TIMELINESS. He cast light on the current daily problems of his hearers, and a conviction and courage that exalted them seized their souls.

Nowadays the church is often one of the few places where a malefactor can be comfortable. Many a modern temple is a haven where naught would ever make the malefactor miserable. His own political club has become inoculated with ideals that make him writhe. His wife has to drop her study clubs because the subjects that the other women delight in waken grave and unhappy thoughts in her mind. His children pick their courses carefully through college, but even then they come out with a glance askance at father and his work, and an apologetic attitude to other people that makes the man feel he pays dearly for any crookedness or falling below the standard of the community. It is through his wife and children that the moral slacker is hardest hit.

But too often he and his family can go to church without danger of an offending word. Few preachers have His courage to flay the money-

changers and drive them from the temple. The politics of the first century are not uncomfortable listening for the twentieth century grafter, law evader or crook. But he would hate to have the searchlight of Christ's mind played upon his sinister life. Too often his pastor chooses the easier way of making all parishioners comfortable rather than treating them as Christ would have done.

The church fails when it fails to "sell" its ideals. The churchman fails when he is not so seized with enthusiasm over his religion that he can go out and inspire his neighbor with a desire for it. The churchman fails when he is not a good demonstrator.

In almost any American city you may hear an honest business man say: "Oh, I know it is a rotten situation. It is a bad political ring that has for years been bullying the town, but what can I do? I have to make a living."

A lawyer tells his experience through years at the hands of a corrupt judge, but swears us to silence at the last. "Don't quote me. I have to try cases before him."

Fear! Fear! Fear!

If the business man would only come out into the open and buck that crooked political game, other honest men would flock to his standard, and

he would win the reward of bravery, which is victory.

His town would be a better place to live in and do you think his business would suffer? Never. It would gain.

Suppose the lawyer fought the corrupt judge and told what he knew was the truth about him and stood by it. He would take his place at once by that very action among the big and conspicuous men of his profession. So too with the judge who knows of the crooked practices of the lawyer with the political pull.

What profiteth it a man to gain the whole world and not dare to command his own soul?

What sort of a man are you going to be through life and through all eternity if at every test now you prove a comfortable, complacent coward?

Brace up, man. Your ideals are good things. Be true to them. Push them along. Like a good salesman go out and "get 'em across".

BACK TO MOTHER EARTH

SOMEWHERE in our childhood we read a story of Greek Mythology about Hercules meeting a giant—was it Antaeus?—with whom he had to struggle for mastery. This giant—like all of us—was the son of Mother Earth. Hercules with his magnificent strength threw him again and again. But the strength of the giant, instead of being exhausted, grew greater and greater, and Hercules saw that every time his adversary fell and came in contact with Mother Earth, she poured strength into him and that he could never be conquered by being thrown down. So Hercules held Antaeus high above the ground and strangled him.

We are all sons of Mother Earth and this belated Springtime is a good time for us to realize and acknowledge that relationship. The good people who went to church last Sunday wearing a carnation in their buttonhole to honor the human Mother, and then spent the afternoon working in their gardens and tucking tiny seeds and rootlets away to be warmed and nurtured in the bosom of the mother of all humanity celebrated a doubly blessed Mother's Day.

Times of peril and anxiety have many lessons for us. Like all times of trial they will bring

many blessings and one of the best lessons they will teach is the great interdependence of Earth's children upon each other and the eternal disgrace and degradation of anyone's being a "slacker". Never before in Earth's history did we pay such respect and honor to Work—to good hard Manual Work. The daintiest lady is expressing her soul today in terms of work as she never would have in the days of her sheltered prosperity before the war, when her whole time was taken up in the profession of being a lady. And this being true, war has brought us already an incalculable benefit.

The working of the law of reciprocity is never more clear than in the garden. Who gets the benefit out of the millionaire's garden? Is it the great man himself who walks through its verdant aisles every evening after dinner? He is refreshed by its beauty and its greenness; and in some subtle way, the sense of the bigness, impartiality and bounty of this great Earth Mother of ours, to whom our worn-out, tired bodies all come for rest in the end, comforts this estranged and wearied son who has wandered far.

He too has a sense of pride and possession when at the county fair his broad acres win a "first" for cabbages. But what is his pride to the legitimate personal pride of his horny-handed gardener, that

specialist in cabbages of whose personal superiority those prize specimens are an incontrovertible proof—the man who has come out ahead in a trial by combat with his peers. He has been wearied at times and faint in the heat of the sun. But his has been a never-ending satisfaction in the growth and fruition of those green things for which he has worked in conjunction with Mother Nature.

Earth and air and sky constitute the first great laboratory, the one He gave us when He said “Be fruitful and multiply and replenish the earth.” It is a laboratory whose laws are as immutable and inscrutable as those of any other science. And agriculture yields to no other science in dignity. It is the basic science of them all. It demands just as tireless service of its devotees and it gives just as rich rewards to its faithful and understanding probationers.

As in every other thing by which comfort and happiness are to be gained, service by proxy is at a discount. To benefit, you must do it yourself.

Get back to Mother Earth. Every time that you kneel on her broad lap, strength flows into you. The sunlight quickens your veins with a healthful glow that no other force can accomplish. There

is a healing in the rich warm feel of the ground that we have been slow to recognize.

Carlyle tells us a story. There was once a French king who was very sick. He had been bled countless times and had swallowed innumerable medicines; he was the despair of his physicians. Finally a very great specialist, the greatest in the land, was called in. In due time, this great man brought the sick king a tennis racquet and explained that there was a very precious and powerful medicine concealed in the handle of that racquet, too powerful a medicine, in fact, to be taken into the human stomach, but that through the perspiration it could be absorbed into the blood and thus effect a cure.

So it is with the medicine that comes to Earth's children when they work with her. There will be vastly more powerful and precious medicine taken into our veins through the hoe handle than through the tennis racquet handle. And who shall say that in this change of containers of this precious medicine there has not come to be added a new and even more precious ingredient distilled from years of labor and centuries of the sweat of man's brow.

DON'T BE A HAS-BEEN

WE glory in our heroes who have gone into battle because they were men who dared go FORWARD. Whether in civil or military life, the world honors forward-going men.

Making money is not progress. It is only the shallow, unintelligent mind that pays tribute to mere money. They who are most honorably mentioned by the historian, whose life labors are written into song and story, have been men who had faith, courage and purpose and armed with these three, went FORWARD.

The civilian life is the severest test. The soldier shows his caliber in the open. But the civilian must stand his trial before the world that only sneers if he does not produce that which to its accustomed eye seems valuable to the present.

Sholes was ridiculed because he kept tinkering away at a "fool thing" that might be novel but never useful. But Sholes had faith, courage, and purpose and went forward in spite of the dull fool's sneer.

Great fortune was not his; but the Remingtons and Underwoods who perfected his idea and made millions out of his brain made his life such a crowning success that the millions of clicking typewriters today testify to Sholes' triumph.

Bell pleaded for the confidence of capital in the telephone which he invented in a barn. That investment of confidence came. But it was not with the idea of making a great corporation that Bell set up his bench in that barn and accumulated tools and articles with which to experiment. He risked his reputation to achieve success through a service.

The other day I rode down one of Chicago's broad boulevards to find people halted along the curb to see a strange thing go by. It was a man mounted on a high-wheeled bicycle, such as was in common use three decades ago. That high wheel would have attracted no attention in the eighties. But had we then gone by in our automobiles the pedestrians would have halted confounded at the sight. That which caused wonder because of its newness will some day create curiosity because of its antiquity.

It is better to attract attention because you are ahead of your time than because you are behind your time.

Many a manufacturer thinks he is a success because he has made some money. If this is his only claim to success he is backing up against the wrong yardstick to gauge his height.

Pitting an iron will against reason isn't going to get you into the vanguard of the procession. It

is merely making an old bike out of yourself and you stand before your community as a curiosity; and as such you wobble along to the discard or to the museum.

In the true sense of the simple term it is the big-head and not pig-head that predicates success. Logic cannot penetrate the brain that is so busy cultivating self-satisfaction that it cannot conceive the possibility of its being wrong. The business man who constitutes himself a Supreme Court, who declines to listen and has nothing to learn, hands down his arbitrary decision and declares the case closed, is far afield from the inventor who keeps trying new things, new arrangements, new combinations, and new devices, until he perfects an instrument that revolutionizes life.

However things may seem, Success is only for the open-minded. Mere money does not measure success; SERVICE DOES. The fellow who won't be taught will be fought and will finally fail.

Inaction is not protection. Men must keep going as plants must keep growing. The fellow who simply refuses to consider a new plan and holds fast to a past policy unwilling to seek a better way is headed for quick decay.

Industries ride into triumph on the achievements of men who have dared to overthrow an in-

efficient past by a more efficient present with the promise of a prosperous future.

You can't escape risk by avoiding it. The soldier has learned that. The business man who has the best chance of building business is he who refuses to mark time, who is impatient to go FORWARD and use the newest methods that the ingenuity of mankind has put into his hands.

The high-wheeled bicycle was once looked upon as a convenience. It was faster and less tiresome than walking. The automobile made it a curiosity.

Some men are still riding around in business on the old high wheel. Opportunities come to young men because they are on the lookout for them and are not afraid of them. The staid older man does not perceive them though they lie in his path.

Let your date be written on your tombstone; not on your shop. Don't be out-of-date before you're dead.

BE MASTER

OUT of the laws of nature comes the primal law of man—the law which makes you either slave or master. The survival of the fittest is not the survival of the mightiest in physical power. The fittest becomes master because he learns how to use the forces he finds. You must either use forces or be abused by them.

The lion is master over other wild creatures because of its strength and its more alert mind.

But man who has not the physical power of the lion became the master of the lion, as he became the master of the horse, as in India he assigns labor to the mighty elephant and commands it to do his bidding.

Man has become master in the world because he has learned how to be master of himself.

The men who do the most in life are the men who have become the sternest masters of themselves.

Nature has put into water a wonderful power. "Water power" is an industrial commodity, an economic element; it is one of the largest items of interest in our industrial contemplations and legislative considerations. It is a mighty servant. It is one of the most helpful agencies in the work of

man so long as man is master. But so soon as man ceases to be master and water is master over man—then man is in danger.

Man views with awe the terrific force of the falls at Niagara. Harnessed, that power drives the wheels of industry and converts night into day. That torrent becomes man's benefactor so long as man is master.

When the dam at Johnstown broke water became so much the master of men that the story of that disaster is handed down as one of the conspicuous calamities in the history of Pennsylvania. It is the story of man losing the mastery over the water he had sought to make his servant.

Fire is a great servant for man, but a bad master. We could not live without fire as our servant. It warms our homes, it generates the steam that drives the wheels of our factories, it cooks our food, it is a great and essential servant. Civilization could never flower without fire.

The political geography of the world would be very different from what it is today were it not that man had become master of fire. The peoples of Europe would have remained along the Mediterranean shores where the climate is hospitable. They would not have ventured to the British Isles, to the Scandinavian peninsulas or to the wintry

domains of Russia, if they had been unable to take fire with them as their servant and protector.

The western world would have centered around Caribbean shores rather than reached up into the wintry white blankets of Canada had we not been able to employ fire as our friendly servant.

As master, fire is frightful. Chicago, Baltimore and San Francisco build their municipal calendars about the disasters which overtook them when they lost control of fire. They speak of an event as so many years before or so many years after "the fire".

A few years ago a holiday audience assembled in the Iroquois theater in Chicago to witness a play made possible by the use of fire. The house was warm with this servant, it was brilliantly lighted by this servant. Its kaleidoscopic picture with all its variety of color would have been impossible had not man been the master of fire. But in the midst of the festivity man lost his mastery over fire; fire became master over man. What was the result? A city was forced to mourn an appalling loss in death.

Wind is a great servant but a bad master. On land we lift up rotating fans that are designed to face the wind, harness its power and help us pump

our water. Yet when wind becomes master over us, picture our pathetic helplessness.

At sea we set our sails to make the wind our servant. We employ it to carry our commerce from shore to shore. Yet the legends of the sea are burdened with the tragic stories of hurricanes wherein lives and property were lost because wind became the master of man.

Out of the heavens itself we have gathered a fluid which we harness and make our servant. Through its use we send messages of love and sympathy and consolation, words of warning and words of cheer, hurried business appeals, advice and counsel. We make this wonderful force our servant in transporting our voice to the ear that is hundreds of thousands of miles away. Yet when it breaks forth in all its fury and the lightning flashes rend the air which rushes together again in terrifying claps of thunder, man stands helpless and appalled by power that becomes his master. It strikes at random; it destroys a tree, a house, a barn; it takes a life. Lightning is a good servant but a bad master.

In the life of the individual man there are powers for good or for evil as we are master over them or let them master us. The man who has no control over his temper lives a tempest-tossed life

because the hurricane forces of his own will toss him like a ship on troubled waters. He loses control of his life craft and he ceases to be his own master. He who is not his own master in life cannot hope to be master among men.

A man who cannot control base desires, becomes a servant of those base desires. A man who cannot control a depraved or diseased appetite for drink becomes a sordid drunkard.

The man who permits selfishness to bind his conscience in chains becomes the slave of greed and loses all that makes greatness or goodness flower in the human heart.

As with the individual so with the nation. The nation that cannot marshal the forces of virtue, manliness and virility of a keen and cultivated conscience, cannot hope to be master of itself much less defend itself as a master should against the attacks of wanton wickedness and the insidious forces of greed.

If a people cannot think in common terms for a common good, then there is no hope of a common gain. If righteousness cannot be supported with that unity of purpose which brings power, then good cannot be master over evil.

It is because the laws of nature are ever working for the Truth that the good will always triumph over evil.

Man is master over beasts who far surpass him in physical power because mind is mightier than muscle. The whole history of mankind is the accumulative testimony that the right mind triumphs over the wrong mind, the keen mind over the dull. Right forces master evil forces. In the accumulative accounting the strong masters the weak, the good conquers evil. Right prevails.

The powers of the world are created to be used by men and not to abuse men. That which lifts life into a better and higher life becomes master. It is the men who master themselves who become the leaders of mankind. It is the nations that master themselves who will lead all peoples into the pathways of a better and more peaceful world.

PATRIOTISM

PROBABLY the most famous short story in American literature is Edward Everett Hale's "A Man Without a Country". Philip Nolan, its hero, died of a starved heart. For cursing his country he was exiled and never permitted to see her shores again. "No one deserved less at her hands" he declared on his deathbed, "and no one ever loved her more".

However much one may quarrel with the government that claims him, love of native land will cling. A patriot may hate his king but he always loves his country.

Flags are loved only as they safeguard homes and happiness. But home is loved whether it protects or not. And the land in which one lives is home.

Parents, children, kinsfolk and friends are all dear to us, but our idea of country comprehends all these precious possessions. Love of country is the expansion of family love.

Like family affection, patriotism is both simple and trustful. It thrives with giving and the citizen who uses his country to exploit his own personal advantage gets the contempt he rightly deserves.

He who loves home best, who loves it most unselfishly, loves country best.

Patriotism is loyalty to that home. A country is never in danger of decay until its people lose zeal for the good of their home and neighbors.

A people's patriotism is their country's insurance. Patriotism is our common virtue. Flaming in the hearts of high and low, it cements into one enduring whole all classes and conditions of men.

It rises to forceful expression only in emergency. Then it willingly accepts the lot of suffering and glories in common success. It is never individualistic but always altruistic.

Patriotism is eagerness for a common improvement. No war was ever justified except for the hope of bringing a better peace and a richer reward for the works of peace.

Patriotism is the parent of that courage which stands willing to invest or sacrifice life for good of country.

Patriotism is citizenship. The craven heart can be neither patriot nor citizen. Union, Harmony and Common Wealth are ever the patriot's watchwords.

Like all other virtues patriotism is an ever changing inspiration and ideal. With the growth of civilization she changes her weapon from the

spectacular sword and bayonet to the more potent ballot—a more difficult instrument to handle and a more telling weapon to wield.

Each age and nation has made its contribution to the conception of patriotism. The old world developed the nation's love for arts and sciences. From Hebrew sources came the foundations of civic morality. Greece gloried in the perfect man. Rome gave jurisprudence. England taught us our forms of government. And with the birth of America came a magnificent conception of democracy and a priceless opportunity for humanity.

The thought that the Liberty Bell rang out to the world on the Fourth of July, 1776, was the conviction of the inherent nobility of mankind which makes it treason for any man to enslave his neighbor.

So lofty is the virtue of patriotism that no sin is greater than that of repudiating it. So comes Philip Nolan to stand out as one of the great pathetic figures of fiction.

THE NEW STANDARD

THERE are just two places where a man can serve his community most directly. They are in his daily business, and in his own immediate home neighborhood. He affects his fellow townsmen first as an "occupational unit," and secondly as a "geographical unit."

His value as an occupational unit was one that was early recognized. His value as a geographic unit is one that is just beginning to come into realization. It brings with it an absolutely new standard in the judging of a man.

This new standard makes his character and personality the main consideration. By that test, many a man who was absolutely unimpeachable as an occupational unit, falls far short of passing muster.

The honest banker whose word is as good as his bond, must plead guilty to social selfishness as a geographical unit, as we study his palatial home with its too narrow sidewalk, its side entrance encroaching on the street, and its back lots with their unimproved, unsanitary shacks which, in defiance of all community good, he is holding as an investment. Social selfishness, by the new standard, is but an insidious form of dishonesty. He must

stand accused when we recall that he kept the water company from extending its mains through the slum district and was against the condemning of the burnt hotel property for a city park.

Society is through measuring a man exclusively by the superficial occupational standard, and is gauging him by the newer and far more fundamental standard as a geographic unit. "What does he mean to his family, neighbors and employes" is its question, "and to the city's poor?" A brand new set of virtues is coming to be recognized, and it is the entrance of women into civic interest that has hastened this change.

The maternal element is coming into its own in the conservation of civic life and the maternal standards have never been those of worldly success.

The fraternity of mothers is the largest, the most fundamental, the most democratic, and the most enthusiastic in the world. No fraternity has so soul-stirring an initiation nor so spiritually enlightening a ritual. Whether decked in silks or calico, they are ever engaged in their work of conservation. With their slogan "Child Welfare," they spend their entire lives working for their cause. Their attitudes are largely personal, and it is no surprise to see them injecting the more per-

sonal standards of the geographic unit into civic life.

Under their influence the political unit is narrowing from the ward or precinct to the city block. Always alive to the doings of their neighbors, the block idea appeals to them. There is nothing of political significance in the block idea, it is pure human interest.

The block idea is geographic and is more democratic than appears on the surface. Back of the magnificence of the mansion, are the quarters of servants and humbler humanity even on "Knob Hill." Next to the mushroom palace is the tumble-down swarming tenement.

In a few cities there has been appointed a "block woman". She lives in the block, and it is one of her duties to see that no child guilty of being born escapes birth registration. That done, she follows it up with intelligent interest in that child. Every contagious disease is made known, every case of unemployment and wife desertion, every instance of cruelty or anti-social encroachment. No eaves can overhang the sidewalk in her block, no area take of the public highway. The standard of the "block woman" is geographic. She judges a man by his good will toward his neighbors.

She goes straight back to the Bible for her standards of judgment, and to her "I am my brother's keeper" and "Love thy neighbor as thyself" are not empty sentiments, but living challenges.

Many a man who has strutted about, all swelled up like a pouter pigeon in the conceit that he is one of the big fellows, is finding out that his occupational genius is so discounted by his civic ignorance or viciousness that, by the new standard, it requires a microscope to see him at all.

A MEMORIAL DAY THOUGHT

OUT of Europe's unrest Columbus sailed in search of new seas. To his surprise he found a new world. There followed him those who willingly let brilliant banners fade from view to face a wilderness and wars with an unknown savage race that they might live or die for the cause of human freedom.

The kings of the old world, ever keen for conquest, wished to dominate the new. They who braved the dangers of a strange land realized that in their keeping was the destiny of a new continent and a new truth.

When England was at the apex of her power and mistress of the seas our colonies dared defy her because they were armored with truth.

It was the "give me liberty or give me death" doctrine and the Declaration of Independence that gave courage to the boys of '76 through the dark nights of Valley Forge. They were the crusading soldiers of truth.

As they were inspired by the self-sacrificing heroism of the generations which before them had sought our shores and fought for American ideals on American soil so were the boys of '61 inspired by the deeds of the boys of '76.

They resolved that the truth which the Liberty Bell had proclaimed should not perish from the earth; that the union which had been cemented by a love for liberty should not be killed by the poison of slavery; that half of the stripes should not be torn from our flag nor half of the stars be effaced from their field of blue.

It is well that we have consecrated one day a year to the memory of the soldiers who were ready to die that this nation might live and that our flag might protect the freedom of a black man as well as of a white man.

But as the boys of '61 found that the fight for human freedom had not ended on the cloudless day of Yorktown, so we find that the fight for human freedom did not end with Lee's surrender.

If it was right to fight to make the black man a citizen, it was right to fight to make the white woman a citizen.

If it was right to free a man from the bondage of the plantation master, is it wrong to free a man from the slavery of drink?

If it was right to stop the sale of little children, is it wrong to fight child labor?

From the time Columbus put the prow of his pilot ship to the west, declaring "My heart flies on

before me as I sail," the story of the western world has been the story of the fight for truth.

It is the truth that shall make you free and the truth goes marching on.

"Nothing is too late till the tired heart shall cease to palpitate." The test of true soldiery is to show "how far the gulf stream of our youth may flow into the arctic regions of our lives where little else than life itself survives."

We vainly honor the memory of our soldier dead, if we but strew flowers on their graves. We can honor them only by making the fair land in which they sleep a country without a slave or serf, a land that loves liberty more than the dollar, the home of a people with an infinite passion for justice.

LIFE'S PROMISSORY NOTE

ONCE more Commencement time rolls around and our schools and colleges are decorating with flags and flowers the platforms from which youthful eloquence will flow and over which those who have earned diplomas pass on to the great arena of life's actualities.

Commencement day glows with a sunrise red. The great field of the future looms large and bright ahead. The graduates set foot upon its unknown paths with light and confident hearts. Up to this time life has been full of promise. Now suddenly it all turns to the reality of performance.

The student has seen great things. Now he must DO things.

The highest percentage of class room standing does not insure success nor does the lowest grade predict failure.

You may be ever so successful in cramming facts and yet prove a hopeless failure either in rendering a service to society or in the purely selfish occupation of trying to acquire money to gratify the sense of greed.

Your school or college has equipped you poorly if it has only stored away in your brain an unasimilated assortment of facts. If it has not given

you an earnestness of purpose and a wholesome optimism which no accumulation of discouragement can down, it has contributed little to your life endowment. Without a sustaining philosophy it has given you little to invest in that which is going to bring you dividends.

Courage and purpose are the foundation stones of character and there is no culture that is not built on character.

If your professors have not given you high CONVICTIONS and have not built in you a COURAGE to stand by those convictions, they have failed in their job. If they have endeavored to give this and you have seen only the technical elements in the courses and have failed to build within you that courage which dares to battle for that which you believe to be right, you have failed, however high may be the weighted average your report card shows—however splendid may appear your framed diploma.

Have you acquired that courage and culture, that rational constructive philosophy, that make it possible for you to see behind the threatening clouds of indigo blue the gorgeous rim of sunset red and to know that eternal light is still there?

However low may be your grade you have succeeded in your college course if you have learned that despondency is the signal for battle.

Discouragement will chase you just so long as you run away from it. Discouragement will be dissipated only when you confront it with a WILL.

Speaking in general terms, there are two classes of men: leaders and followers. Nobody elects your place in the procession. It is for you to choose with whom you march. You cannot expect any place-holder to step out to favor you. All positions in life are plainly marked with the market price. If your schooling has equipped you with the price, you can pick the place.

Money can buy you an auto. If you have enough it will get you a private yacht. But it cannot buy you a place in the hearts of your countrymen; it cannot buy you that success that is measured by eternal values.

It matters little how well you may be equipped with facts, if you are without courage you are bankrupt at the beginning.

No man is broke until his heart breaks. So soon as he lacks the "I Will" to go ahead he falls behind with the "Can'ts". There is no current that automatically carries him on.

The world does not believe in the man who does not believe in himself. Vanity is not confidence; it is foolish self-consciousness. Self confidence is a great asset; vanity a burdensome liability.

Every class reunion brings its revelations. Often those who promised most on the Commencement platform have produced least when the first decade rolls 'round. And when the second and third decade brings the diminishing number of class mates together, new surprises come. Great successes are not always quick successes. The great vision and the most earnest purpose often take a long run of years to achieve. It is the stout heart that lives to put through the high ideal.

The school of democracy is the school of equal opportunity. Neither wealth nor poverty can be measured as either a harm or a help. The masters of men are always those who have confronted hardships with unfailing hope.

The job of the college is not to teach you how to fill your head but how to use your head. The school that makes your Commencement the finish fails. That school succeeds in its tasks that makes your graduation day the real commencement day, when the job starts for which it has tried to fit you.

The school or college is merely the gymnasium which has been training the muscles of your mind.

They are the testing laboratories. At commencement time, uncurbed by discipline and well-defined routine of tasks, you swing free not to be found but to find yourself. If you do not find the pass-key to opportunity on the first test, do not resign. That is the time to dip into your reservoir of resolutions.

Your brain is a key ring. Your schooling has merely supplied keys for the ring. How many keys you have only the test of life can tell. Keep trying them until behind some unexpected door you find the open way to full fortune.

Few men have gone straight to a given goal. Trials and disappointments, defeats and discouragements with ever a fresh and determined start have landed them in those positions that have been handed down in traditional stories, the legacy of a rich civilization to encourage other youths to dare try untrod paths.

Confidence in yourself is the only promissory note you can give at commencement time which the world can accept with the expectation of receiving payment in full when the course of life is run and the note falls due.

ALMA MATER

NO MAN succeeds who knows not how to give. Mere getting is not success. He completely fails who has isolated himself from the world by drawing everything he can to himself and returning nothing to his fellow men. He is friendless, for friendship is built upon the laws of reciprocity. The secret of success is the ability to give.

Among the alumni of a great state university a certain small number stand out as live wires. Study that group. What has made them stand out from the mass? They are rich and poor, talented and commonplace, a motley assortment. They have but one distinguishing feature, it is an animating desire to give.

Their souls have been lit with the great illuminating truth that to really own one must be master enough of his possessions to give. Having received of the benefits of their Alma Mater they cannot rest until they give back to her, not in mere "lip service" but in concrete evidence of their affection.

The great mass of alumni having received in equally generous measure are content to stop with the receiving, and most of them will not be "heard from."

While the few go back for Commencement at considerable sacrifice of time and energy because college friends are still a treasure worth the effort, college memories still so dear that no trouble is too great that lengthens their lives, the mass view the university as having served its purpose as far as they are concerned and live on looking for other things that will strengthen them. In after years theirs may be material gain but because of some defect in their make-up, the true richness of life will never be granted them. Because of their sadly limited capacity to give, their Alma Mater with all her bounty was never able to inculcate in them her best measure of culture.

We study to find the best thought and experience of the world. Life invests that thought and experience uses it. And we are measured by the use we make of it.

Colleges are planned to give culture—to cultivate. When we cultivate a field we plow it, harrow it, seed it and then we expect it to make rich return to us. The very gauge of its culture lies in the measure of that return.

Likewise the college cultivates us; it plows up our petty provincialisms and prejudices; it turns up the furrows of our minds to a free air, wind-swept with the courage and convictions of all time.

It waters us with the dewes of the past and kindles us with the sun of the present. It sows our lives thick with experience, joys, sorrows, friendships, responsibilities. Learned men nurture us carefully along lines to which they have devoted their lives. Are we then fair when our Alma Mater gives us our stamp as one of her finished and cultivated children to go our way and divert her labor to our own uses, and never once let that return to our Mother-on-the-Hill enter into our minds?

To be absolute master of a thing one must know it at its true value. It actually does take four years of hard work in college to give one the proper appreciation of a college degree. Ignorant men misjudge it. They either overestimate or underestimate it. The college man knows it for what it is, a sheepskin, a symbol, not the guerdon of the four years, but an accessory to it. The true reward of those college years has gone where the reward of every moment's effort since childhood has gone, into the very fibre of his soul.

Whether the man will stand forth as one of the conspicuously devoted sons of his Alma Mater is quite independent of the benefits received. He may have been one of the least favored of his class, one of its least-known men, but somewhere in his soul is a fineness, a bigness, a graciousness, a rare sense

of reciprocity and "noblesse oblige." It is a fidelity, the halo of a living and working gratefulness.

It may be the spark of heritage from some peasant ancestor of illumined soul, but it is the hallmark of the true culture.

MELODY

ARMY officers realized the worth of songs when they declared "the singing army wins." In the World War singing masters as well as quartermasters were provided for our marching men. The song took its place along with the camp kitchen as a matter of primary military necessity.

War songs cheered our boys over there and strengthened the courage of anxious hearts over here.

The one thing that lifts every patriotic American to his feet is the strain of "The Star Spangled Banner." and the words "My Country 'Tis of Thee," bring the flush of pride to every American patriot's cheek.

No governor ever gave the borderland commonwealth of Kentucky so rich a legacy as did S. C. Foster in "My Old Kentucky Home."

The children on the grain-growing prairies of the Dakotas gladly pay their tribute to Florida when they sing with delight, "Way Down Upon the Swanee River."

From Cumberland to the shores of Chesapeake Bay state pride is stimulated by the strains of "Maryland, My Maryland."

The homespun life of Indiana is sweetened and sanctified by the sentiment woven into the delicate melody, "On the Banks of the Wabash."

Out of a college enthusiasm grew "On Wisconsin," the clarion call which reached beyond the geographic borders of a state to hearten millions of soldiers on the battle lines overseas.

"Dixie" was hurriedly written to supply a "stepping song" for a minstrel show. Its spirited lines of comedy became an army's clarion call. Lincoln said he was glad we had conquered that song that instead of being loved sectionally it might be loved nationally.

When minstrel shows were in their heyday those who came to be entertained were never loth to listen to the end man's jokes. But it was when the interlocutor announced that "the silver voiced baritone will now render that ever popular ballad entitled 'Silver Threads Among the Gold'" that the audience settled back in the full joy of expectancy.

Years ago New York staged a great parade to emphasize its welcome to the liberty-loving Kosuth when he landed on our shores. But the white-haired Gothamites of today recall no reception with so much enthusiasm and tender joy as the

ovation given Jenny Lind when she came to sing in Castle Garden.

The first evidence of prosperity that reached many a humble farm home was the arrival of the folding melodeon. Under the evening lamp this modest music box brought the touch of song that sweetened the close of many a laborious day.

"Home, Sweet Home," "The Lost Chord," "Abide With Me," "Love's Old Sweet Song," and "Ben Bolt" have helped many a wearied mind to forget the muscles sore with the heavy work of the field.

When affluence made possible greater home embellishment the little melodeon gave way to the piano and then came the phonograph with its train of richness.

Music widens our vision, broadens our understanding, stimulates our enthusiasm and deepens our sympathies. It cleanses understanding, softens anger, mellows anguish.

He whose memory goes back but three decades and who never heard Emma Abbott sing "Then You'll Remember Me," Jessie Bartlett Davis in "Robin Adair" or Adelina Patti's "The Last Rose of Summer" missed no small part of the inspirational poetry of recent years.

Fortunately all that loss to the many will not

ever occur again for the scientist has been busy on the music problem until today, delicate vibrations transmitted through a needle may sweeten every home with song.

Sacred anthems of the church, the martial music that inspires marching men, the glorious arias of opera and the appealing strains which only the master's hand can draw from the vibrant strings of the violin are shared in marble halls and humble cottage.

Music is lifting our civilization into a sweeter contentment and a stronger courage. Those who see farthest into educational needs of the time realize that the cultivation of a love for music is as essential to the brighter and better understanding of life as any of the primary R's, advanced research in the avenues of science or the stories of men's approach to the present as told in the books that line our library shelves.

When all else failed it was the harp of David that lifted Saul out of his melancholy.

Music is not mere entertainment; it is medicine. It is a powerful builder of both the physical and moral stature. Medicine Men have found it soothing and curative for nervous disorders. It is used in the hospitals for the insane. It helps the lost

mind to find itself. It has been used by explorers to pacify the savage and win his friendship.

Music knows no language. It is the universal language which men of every land and tongue and clime understand.

It is the right of every child to grow up in a home where music is heard. It is the duty of every school to teach our children how to sing. Music belongs as much to the curriculum of culture, and should have credit as such, as any course in Latin verbs or Greek Mythology. Music and mathematics are sister arts. They are governed by the same eternal laws. Harmony is but the equation of sound.

The home is incomplete today which provides no music for the quiet hour.

The school is out of date which fails to cultivate an appetite for music and does not teach the citizens of the future to sing and to prize the poetry of song.

THE UNCOMMON LIFE

ALL men are meant to be contributing individuals—to be commoners by coming from the common and to rise above the commonplace without losing the common touch and sympathy.

Every thumb print like every face is different. God meant every man to be uncommon.

America was made to give every person the fullest opportunity.

The purpose of democracy is to give every individual the opportunity to grow.

The lack of a fixed attitude of mind is evidence of the commonplace. Common conversation, dull purposeless chatter is a sure leveler of aspiration. As Lowell made Columbus say—"The weak, by some dark law, have a strange power to shut and rivet down their own horizon round us."

Lincoln has been called the great Commoner. This title, conferred in compliment by a grateful people who revere his memory, would have been a misnomer had he not been the most UNCOMMON man America has produced. He loved all mankind, "the common people" as he himself used to term them. But he rose above them, and rising lifted them. That is greatness.

He loved to mix with them because he was able to get out of them always the best that was in them. He did not anchor himself to commonplaceness but to common fellowship. He stimulated the minds of all men. He never allowed the commonplace to draw a circle about him and shut him in. Whoever allows such a circle to be drawn about himself will never rise.

Sumner is reported to have once said to Lincoln—"Well, there is one thing Mr. President, that nobody can ever accuse you of being."

"And what is that?" inquired the President.

"An aristocrat," said the genial senator.

"In the American sense that is just what I am," said Lincoln.

And when the senator from Massachusetts asked what was meant by "the American sense," the great Commoner replied, "The American aristocrat is a man of taste."

That was the aristocracy that Lincoln belonged to. That is the aristocracy that all true Americans covet: To be men and women of taste; to hold a fellowship with what is fine; to be cultivated, high minded, purposeful, not slothful nor contented to live in a mental mire.

The great Commoners are never common. The real Commoner has a passion for people, plain

people, a longing to live for them and with them. But they never let themselves grow drab through the excess of dull conversation.

Emerson once said there was no man from whom he could not learn something but there were some from whom he could learn all they had in a very short time. And he added that there were some who could not take much teaching.

You are worth to others just what they are worth to you. There must be reciprocal values in all relations.

To lift up is the life duty which every one owes to himself and to others. To help others up is the sterling mark of the Commoner. To go down and weigh anchor among dull intellects and commonplace conversation does not make you a Commoner, it just makes you common.

The boy who tries to be a "good fellow" by joining the corner lamp-post conference of idlers and curb cloggers does not help his associates and only harms himself. He becomes common. If with the spirit of true fellowship he can bring to them a new interest, a better vision and a more profitable pastime he becomes a Commoner, but he must hold to those ideals which admit him to other inspirational circles.

Conversation is not measured by volume or velocity, but intrinsic value, like grains of gold.

A college course is no insurance against the commonplace. The college cannot be held accountable for that which it has not done. It is the generous helper. It starts but it never finishes. Its student COMMENCES when he leaves college. Then his culture is put to the test.

Culture is not kept in sheepskin wrappers. It is not a thing that can be acquired and set aside like dried apples. The cultivated mind must keep keen or rust. Commonplace talk is the sure-kill of culture.

A man's permanent place is determined by his power to express himself for the benefit of others. Here Lincoln, the great Commoner shone. He made men THINK.

We are all measured by the price tag we put upon ourselves. We are measured by the company we keep. Bad company suggests a bad man. Good company suggests a good man. Witty company suggests a man of wit. Dull company suggests a dull mind. Nothing but a dull mind could be contented with it or want to court it.

He who bends his conscience to justify his conduct abuses rather than uses the personal pilot God gave him. The soul that thus abuses its pilot sails in circles—aimlessly—and never reaches the port of Merit.

THE ECHO OF THE BELL

BOTH a hush and a hurrah spread over the City of Brotherly Love when, one hundred and forty-seven years ago the belfry of Independence Hall gave to the new nation the iron call of freedom.

Long since, disintegration has silenced the heroic bell. Metallurgists tell us that the substance of the bell is in process of decay.

Time was when this bell was sturdy and tough, when its metal vibrated at the rap of the hammer that struck its blow by the strong pull of a liberty-loving arm.

In the Virginia House of Burgesses in the year 1775, Patrick Henry threw down the gauntlet in the struggle that gave a new world new life. "This is no time for ceremony," he declared. "Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me Liberty, or give me Death!"

Immediately followed the battle line at Lexington where Captain Parker told his troops, "Stand your ground. Don't fire unless fired upon. But if they mean to have a war, let it begin here."

And the next day at Concord where "the rude bridge arched the flood the embattled farmers stood and fired the shot heard 'round the world."

Those were the days when our colleges were not afraid of such words as Liberty, Freedom, Truth and Commonwealth. In those days our assembly chambers, with their simple decoration, echoed the call of consecrated conscience. Human liberty and human welfare were the ideals for which our forefathers were willing to live and if need be to die.

Would that the echo of the old Liberty Bell might reach the chamber of every city council and state legislature in the land that we might ask ourselves, "Are we breaking and decaying as a nation? Are we growing cowardly and forgetful of the call of 1776? Is our fate, as a people, to parallel that of the bell?"

The Fourth of July orator today goes back to the belfry of Independence Hall for inspiration. In what legislative chamber could he find that inspiration today?

We must, indeed, go back to the speech of Patrick Henry, to the story of Bunker Hill, to the winter at Valley Forge, to the soldiery and citizenship of Washington and the democracy of Jefferson to find the foundations of our patriotism.

Would that the old bell could ring again! Ring back the freedom, the truth, the promise, and the enthusiasm of a democracy that once flushed the cheek with pride, warmed the blood with determination, filled the heart with hope to live and if need be to die to build a country of freemen and a government of, for and by the people, and not of, for and by any privileged class.

The builders of our nation were willing to tax themselves for their own good but they were unwilling to be taxed for somebody else's good. So they pitched England's tea into Boston's harbor and told England to "go to."

The Tories who were the reactionaries of those days begged the people to let stand the tax imposed by a privileged power.

Today we have those who have drifted so far from the spirit which rang the Liberty Bell that we find executive chairs and legislative chambers in many of our states filled with men who plead for the divine right of special privilege. They plead for that business brand of patriotism that has built a land of lords in England, that has given her the largest percentage of paupers of any country in the world, that fattened the purses of her predatory rich by imposing taxes upon her colonies. We have men who plead for the very kind of government

that the army of Washington fought to drive from our shores. And the old cracked bell rang to declare our independence of every claim of such a government.

The Tories of today plead in our legislative chambers for the rights of insurance companies to tax the people through usurious rates; they plead for the right of water power corporations to confiscate natural industrial power which, by the act of God, belongs to the people themselves. These Tories would—if they could, if they dared—permit every common carrier corporation to operate without compensation for its franchise; they would permit the American lords of the land to build an English system of caste and classes, of land holders and serfs; they would give away the people's rights as easily as too often they have sold for a pittance public property that was set aside to become the foundation of the free man's school.

The Tories of today would control, curb or eliminate, as they dare, the searchers for truth in our capitol and colleges. They have yet to learn the meaning of democracy and the sense of American liberty.

The echo of the old bell has not reached their ears. The spirit of 1776 has not touched their souls. They can hear the grafters but they can-

not hear the bell. They do not know that he only is free whom the truth makes free, that corrupted freemen are the worst of slaves.

It is this type of citizen who puts the battle-born right of the ballot in jeopardy by voting whole colonies of illiterate, un-Americanized men of foreign birth for no purpose in the world but to advance men to our council chambers who are out of sympathy with the spirit of '76, whose sole purpose is to protect the vicious and corrupt.

Would that the old bell were able to ring out again the spirit of 1776; would that it might infuse into some of our sordid politicians the spirit of high and noble American patriotism!

Ring out, O, Bell of Independence Hall, the iron message that you put out upon the sunlit breeze of the Fourth day of July, 1776, and let it be heard again at home as it has been heard around the world! Liberty today is just as much in jeopardy as when you rang out the call to heroes. The battle is less spectacular but no less perilous because more subtle.

HOLY LANDS

A WEALTHY American tourist returned from a trip to the Holy Land to declare he could not understand why a just and generous God had sent His Son to Palestine.

"Why," he asked, "should He have sent Him to that barren land of sagebush and desolation, to the shores of that salt sea? Look at the beautiful places," he continued, "where He might have sent Him—continents crowded with fertile valleys and magnificent mountains, cataracts, broad sweeping rivers, placid lakes and expanses of prairie checkered in green and gold. Why did He not put His Son into a gracious garden instead of the desolate shores of the Dead Sea?"

This traveler little understood the lesson of the Christ. The purpose of Christianity is not to seek personal privilege, individual comfort and ease—an elegant time. Nor is it solicited hardship. It is to resist wrong. Adversity teaches us how to resist.

The purpose of Christianity is to bear one another's burdens, to be a brother's keeper. The lesson of Christianity may be learned in ease and comfort. There is nothing to prevent a rich man from being good, helpful and heroic, but the

Christian never follows the line of least resistance just to escape obligations and duty. The true Christian faces DUTY and follows the light of Truth even though it lead into desolate places, to waters dead with bitter salt. The symbol of Christianity is the CROSS.

The great achievements of the world have not been easy; they have all been hard to do. In the biographies that inspire you find great deeds were done in defiance of distractions, handicaps and hardships; they were done in the desert lands of life.

Homer and Milton wrote their passion into enduring literature in darkness.

We read with a sense of charm the graceful passages of history written by Parkman, forgetting that every line was penned along a guiding ruler because Parkman, too, was blind.

George Eliot brought to us great stories burdened with a searching and uplifting philosophy. We read with profit her pages, forgetting the pain in which they were born, for all her work was done in spite of a racking, nervous headache that would have driven the average person to a sanitarium.

Johnson wrote to pay his mother's funeral expenses.

Goldsmith wrote "The Vicar of Wakefield," to save himself from being dispossessed.

Lands of life are not made holy by beautiful rivers, verdant pastures, defiant cliffs and veil-like cataracts. Fertility and climate cannot make a land holy. A land is made holy only by the soul that is planted in the soil.

The American Republic was not easily made. It took years of hard fighting, patient suffering.

George Washington enjoyed no hot-house comforts in the terrible and anxious winter at Valley Forge. There were those about him who pleaded that his ideals be crucified that they might have the pleasure and the comfort of peace, let come what might.

There were those who in 1861 urged Lincoln to let the seceding states go their way in peace, to let slavery continue if need be. "The wrong is not ours. Let us enjoy the tranquillity and the prosperity of peace," was their plea.

But both Washington and Lincoln refused to turn back; they took the rough road that led to justice and left us a land illumined with a brighter and holier light.

No land is holy that is not the home of consecrated purpose. No flag flies for that cause of brotherhood which the Christ came among us to

teach, that does not defend freedom, encourage fellowship and inspire character.

The American tourist who lost the lesson of Palestine, who found his Christianity shaken because of the adversity that God compelled His crucified Son to face, is like thousands of Americans today who have not found American soil sanctified by the sacrifices of men who loved liberty, who were willing to fight for justice and to die for freedom, men who believed with the great war President that "the right is more precious than peace."

We make our land a holy land only as we make it a land for freedom, for fellowship, for justice, for truth. It is a holy land only as we build in our hearts the courage and the character that dare strike against the forces that oppress.

Every land where comes the hope for a better life, the testing of righteousness and the performance of good deeds, is a holy land. By gentleness, generosity and justice we can plant our homes on holy land. By being a true, vigilant citizen and not a complacent, selfishly indifferent one, we can place our city on holy land. The forces of corruption and vice are always on the job seeking to make ours a bad land. Citizens who respect virtue are too often negatively good which is next to no good,

for true good is positive, on the job, seeking to make ours a good land.

An army of our soldiers, home coming from overseas service, were marching down the broad pavement of Twelfth Street in St. Louis. A bystander was heard to remark—"Everybody takes their hat off as they should as the flag goes by. But the strange thing to me is that they would not bare their heads if the cross were borne by."

This pious citizen knew our flag as little as the tourist knew the lesson of the Holy Land. The builders of this nation, the makers of our flag fought and labored to build a democracy that put the Golden Rule into the scheme of government and the practice of courts. Selfishness and human frailties too often warp it into an imperfect thing but it is ever perfecting and the ideal is there.

The cross is woven into the very fabric of our flag if that bystander but knew.

He fails in his Americanism no less than in his Christianity who is unwilling to fight the foes of good government, battle the adversities and be a militant citizen, forcing our forefathers' aspirations into realization and making this the great Holy Land of our time, the hope and the example of an ill-adjusted world.

SLACKEN YOUR CHAINS

WHEN you put a non-skid chain on your automobile tire you do not bind the chain tight; you hang it loosely, give it play, so that it will never hit the same place on the tire consecutively. Thus the chain hits one point one revolution, another on the second revolution—always touching a bit of rubber it didn't touch on the last revolution, always touching from a slightly different angle. That is why your tires are not worn to shreds by the chains that keep you from slipping.

If we chained automobile tires as some of us chain our lives, tight and rigid, the tires wouldn't last more than a few days; indeed a trip down town and back home would sorely test the best tire made.

Some of us do not display as much wisdom in the arrangement of our lives as we do of our tires. We bind ourselves tight to a task so that that task strikes constantly at the same spot. Those of us who have that fault, a common fault, that misunderstanding of how to put non-skids on our lives, may well learn a simple and serviceable life-lesson from the tires we protect with chains.

Every life should be a dual life—dual in the right sense of a working and recreational interest. We once knew an engraver who seemed to be able

to turn out more work than his shop followers and he had the reputation of turning out the best work. We always found him humming at his work, and he never seemed to tire. One day he spoke of his teacher.

"What teacher?" we asked, and that let out the secret of his efficiency.

"My singing teacher," he replied.

"Why, I didn't know that you were a singer," was our pleased and surprised reply.

And smiling, he answered, "I am not. But I take singing lessons, and I love to try to sing. From early morning until late afternoon I work among chemicals and cameras, and all day I think about my work. Every evening I give an hour to singing, and twice a week take a lesson. This has taken my thoughts away from chemicals and cameras when I leave my shop. I live in a different world, think different thoughts and each morning I go back to the shop to find, not the same old world but a new world, refound because the thought of melody and poetry has taken me away."

Bind the work chain tight to your life and the best that is in life, the best that is in work, soon wears away and is lost.

We find a man broken in disappointment because his son fails to develop or has gone wrong.

"But what can you expect," his friends reflect, "when he has not given his boy a minute of his time for ten years."

All the while that father thought he was a good father because as he told his friends he worked day and night for that boy. But he worked in his own world, and never once did he enter his boy's world. They lived in different worlds, and the tie that binds wore out.

There is a story told of one of America's greatest lawyers. Early in his law practice his young partner predicted success for himself because he worked over his law books day and night. He lamented that his friend was doomed to failure because he gave his evenings to books that were not concerned with "cases."

One night, after midnight, this lover of literature woke up his pastor to ask him to then and there share the new found delight in Queen Mab. So great were the enthusiasms other worlds created.

After a life of hard work the slave to the law books died a broken, disappointed country lawyer unknown outside his rural county while the partner he predicted would fail because he persisted in opening up new worlds beyond the case reports

became one of America's greatest jurists and a conspicuous leader of thought.

In one evening with Ferrero you can spend years with Julius Caesar in ancient Rome. What a world to know! How much better does your working world become when you have lived in another world and seen your world from the perspective of another time and place!

Green will bring you the stirring events of ancient Britain. With a group of English nobles he will take you down to Runnymede, to see King John against his will put his name to the Magna Charta.

On another night, with another book, you may meet Napoleon after his escape from Elba and follow the Little Corporal to the doom that overtook him at Waterloo.

Another evening you may spend with the wonderful Emerson, talking about representative men.

The worlds of Socrates and Milton and Cromwell, the philosophy of Goethe, the dramas of Shakespeare, the vision of Columbus, the heroism of Washington and Lincoln and Rousseau are all open to you for the asking and your own world grows big by knowing the worlds in which they lived.

In a little village churchyard in England there is to be found this inscription: "Here lies Peter Bacon, born a man and died a grocer." There is a warning in that epitaph.

Make your business bigger by being bigger than your business. Run your business, don't let your business run you.

The man who lives with his work all the time lives a short and narrow existence. He wears out too quickly. He doesn't live to the fullest. He carries his work in his brain all day. He carries it to his meals. He carries it home with him, and nurses it during the evening. He scarcely can lay it aside for a moment to kiss his wife or smile at the baby. He lives on just one narrow section of life. He does not know the circumference of a full, well-rounded life.

That man should take a lease on another life—singing, painting, drawing, carving, gardening, anything different from that which takes up his workday. The man who is a crackerjack banker or mechanic by day ought to be an enthusiastic something else after his day's work is done. His ambition to be a successful business or professional man would be more easily and more surely realized if he linked it with an ambition to do another thing in his off hours.

Life is short at best. Lengthen it a little by living an all 'round life.

Keep your chains on—they represent your real work. They guard you against disaster. But loosen them up a bit—don't let them bind you tight and wear you out. Make your own world bigger by knowing other worlds and your own work nobler by knowing other work.

The world always finds the man who has found himself but you must get out of yourself to find yourself.

MEN WHO STAND IN THE OPEN

WEAKNESS fosters timidity as surely as strength fosters courage. Man does only that which he dares to do. Power produces pride. Virility is a primal virtue. Men who earn their bread by their brawn take pride in their physical power.

The brain worker who feels his arm growing flabby from lack of use lifts dumb bells and swings clubs to "keep in trim." The weakling who loafs while others serve him soon despises himself for his lack of strength. The boy who can out-push and out-run all others and carry the ball against all obstacles to the goal, is the hero of the gridiron. Thus in the realm of the physical do our eyes see correctly.

But does our full philosophy ring as true? Do we honor mental-muscle with the same candor? By contrast we are too prone to the convenient blindness that sees not the spiritual and moral muscle.

No practice is more common than that of following the line of least resistance when the fibers of our character fabric are put to the test.

Character-muscle is never attained by negation. We strengthen our character-muscle only by strain and tension. Brains like biceps grow strong by use.

Men of negative virtue are, in the smug complacency of their inexperience, far more censorious of their fellowmen than are those who know right from wrong through test.

Character like steel must be refined through the furnace of experience. It is only experience that gives a man worth in any walk of life.

They who are housed in luxury, fed too daintily, kept apart in protected seclusion like a caged bird, lose the contentment that grows out of contact with necessity. They are defrauded of the right to fight their own battles. If they are strong they break through their stifling luxury into the world of service, and become Samsons of intellect for the glorious boon of comradeship with their fellows as did Saint Francis, Tolstoi, Tom Johnson and their like.

They who, because of their self-imposed segregation, think themselves most select are always the least select members of society.

The strong man cannot bear to be "exclusive." Exclusiveness is the protection which the weak set up about them. The strong man always stands out in the open.

Just decision comes only from hard thinking.

The man of brains fights the obstacles that oppose him as the ball player seeks the goal. He will

with Robert Browning: "Welcome each rebuff that turns earth's smoothness rough."

It is only the weak man who permits minor circumstances to outweigh the final gain.

It is only the strong man of mind or muscle who can be sport enough to glory in the "fair field with no favor."

OBSTACLES

WE OFTEN hear Life compared to a river. We speak of the Stream of Life, and we talk of its undercurrents. The simile is obvious.

We are formed by circumstances. We must master conditions.

Like a river each man pursues his separate course and at the end is swallowed up into the all engulfing seas of space which surround us.

There is a destiny that draws us as surely as does the sea lay claim to every mountain brook or hill-side spring. And no more than the river can we pick all our paths over meadow lands.

No river has uninterrupted access to the sea. The river winds. Rocks fret it and bluffs bend it. It runs, smooth and smiling through the shallows, and presses angry, strong and determined through the narrows. It bends gracefully from the rock that blocks it and goes uncomplainingly its constant way.

Where all egress is cut off by unescapable obstacles it quietly grows deeper collecting its strength until at last it triumphantly overflows the obstruction and is once more free.

No life goes to its haven of eternity without encountering hazards and hardships. It must bend

to accept unalterable obstructions. It must deepen in determination and intensify in strength if it is to achieve the higher level.

When life seems balked and dormant it may be making its greatest gain.

Circumstances may form us outwardly but inwardly we are bound to that Life principle of making our way to the end.

Many a fine nature is utterly thwarted by conditions. All their lives they are cribbed and hampered and cannot escape. They are the "mute inglorious Miltons" of the country churchyards.

The temper of their souls is of the best and finest. Under other conditions they would have made a stately progress to the sea but now they deepen and sweeten and their placid shadows, which we call resignation, make us forget that, given one tiny outlet, they might tear relentlessly down the valleys, true to their unalterable natures.

The river grows because the bluffs that bind it force it to meet the mouths of contributing streams.

It is the resistance we encounter, the obstacles we meet that garner for us the experiences that develop and sustain character.

Obstacles are the pilots of progress. Resistance increases persistence; the urge in man is to surge ahead.

Obstacles are not a hindrance but a furtherance; they rout inertia, awaken energy and spur determination.

Every obstacle surmounted and opposition overcome builds character, increases power and advances evolution.

Unlike the river no man is obliged to follow the line of least resistance. He possesses wits, intelligence; he is a thinking machine. Physical force is the least of his encounters. Conscience is the director.

As the muscle is of use only when it is developed by use so is the conscience to be trusted only when constantly tested.

There are three ways in which to deal with obstacles—batter through and thrust aside by sheer force of will, detour or ingeniously convert to the end desired.

The combative nature, the physical, smashes against; the mental transforms obstacles to stepping stones.

Obstacles regulate the apparent worth of things.

Poverty is one great obstacle that has made many strong men. In fighting the wolf from the threshold, they discovered the principles upon which fortunes are founded.

Isolation caused man to breathe steam into cylinders, lay the rails and annihilate distance; it 'roused him to the possibilities of air-flight to eliminate time.

"Necessity is the mother of invention" is not a proverb of only modern application. It is the law of evolution; it was the law which gave man hands instead of four feet; just as much as it was the cause of McCormick finding the harvester, Daguerre finding the sun print and Bell the telephone.

Oppression is an obstacle to expression; by a test of strength with tyranny, freedom reaches its proper perspective and appeal, the shackles of monarchy are burst asunder, and liberty is born.

Learn to regard obstacles as assets and give to each its share of consideration of possibilities for your strength.

ROYAL RUBBISH

ONE day last February the British House of Commons was thrown into a turmoil because a labor member by the name of David Kirkwood rose to protest against the payment of 25,000 pounds to the Duke of York for the arduous task of getting married. The House of Commons held fast to the traditions of royal nonsense. It shouted Kirkwood down, while he, protesting, asked if it were not true that the House had pledged itself to economy, that labor was receiving a lower wage in England than formerly and why would it not be well to start economizing at the top. Mr. Kirkwood was right. The time is not far distant when his plea will not be howled down. The time is fast coming when England will refuse not only to pay a Duke 25,000 pounds for marrying a "Lady," but to longer indulge in the silly luxury of keeping a "Duke" or having a "Lady." The "Duke" and the "Lady" are samples of what "there ain't going to be any more of" pretty soon.

The world is soon going to get rid of all its royal rubbish. The kings and dukes, the lords and earls, the counts and princes, kaisers and czars, even down to the "vons," are all barnacles on the ship of

civilization. They are leeches, encumbrances, relics of a day when men ruled by brute force.

The king of England is nothing in the world but a mild-mannered figure-head who consumes a lot of public money to maintain a collection of palaces and castles, doormen, footmen, butlers, pantrymen, and keepers of the royal garters, too numerous to be busy.

When a man has so many houses he can't live in them and has to have a secretary to keep count, when he has so many clothes he can't keep track of them and has to engage a keeper of the wardrobe to cross-card index his "pants," he is an encumbrance that society is speedily going to get rid of.

England has gone far to get away from the imperial dictatorship which prevailed in the time of and prior to the obnoxious Henry VIII. England has gone far on the road to democracy, but like all countries where there is much good, there still remains much to do to make it better.

England learned much from our United States. She set out to exercise an imperial will upon her colonies which we resented. We had a little Tea Party in Boston. Remember the Tea Party? At that Tea Party we told England to "go to." As a

result of that Tea Party, England woke up—woke up to the fact that she had lost her great American colonies through her obsession to confiscate—confiscate for the benefit of her flunkied royalty, her dukes who still think it is their prerogative to demand a 25,000 pound dowry in taxes. The poor over-worked duke! Traditionally the duke is a do-nothing, and on the continent the count is a no-account. It would be a far better investment if the common people paid the dukes 25,000 pounds not to get married.

As a result of our fight to free ourselves from English rule, England changed her whole colonial policy and to the north half of this continent, which she retained, she gave practically complete independence. Canada is as self-governing today as is the United States. She determines her own laws. England does not even interpose a suggestion on the Parliament at Ottawa. The Canadians elect their own law-makers as we elect ours. The people of the Dominion select the members of their House of Commons as we elect our members of the House of Representatives. They elect their senators as we elect our senators, the only difference being the length of term. Their premier corresponds to our President in practically all particulars except that

they go one step further than we do and give him a seat with the right of voice without the right to vote, but with the right of veto. He has his seat on the floor of their Parliament. All England does is to place there the king's representative, who is called the "Lord-Governor-General." He has a swell title and is a swell chap, usually a pretty decent sort of chap at that.

He has nothing to do with the law-making of the Dominion. He does not even know what the law-makers are thinking about. He is nothing but a glad-hand artist. It is his job to keep the people of Canada continually reminded that this figure-head across the water called the king and the emperor, is really very much interested in the people of Canada, that he is really a very good fellow, that he is very democratic. He is sorry he is so busy he can't come over, so he sends this good chap, the "Lord-Governor-General of Canada," to pose and parade in his stead. This Lord-Governor-General of Canada entertains in behalf of the crown. He gets all dressed up when he entertains. He is so well dressed you can't tell him from his butler. That's democratic enough, surely.

The only time he functions in any legislative way is at the close of Parliament. There is a throne

room in the Parliament building at Ottawa, a very nice little throne room, all dolled up in purple and gold, with a gilded chair standing on a little platform three steps above the floor, over which is draped heavy purple velvets. It is all fixed up like the stage set in the first act of *King Lear*. When Parliament is through they pile all the bills which have been passed, like graduating diplomas on a cart, and push them into the throne room. There, on the throne, in embroidered knee breeches, sits the Lord-Governor-General, with a derby hat on his dome.

The derby hat is the democratic substitution for the crown. Some fellow, almost as well dressed as the Lord-Governor-General himself, picks a parchment off the diploma cart and announces to "his nibs" that the representatives of the people of Canada have decided that they desire to make Senate Bill No. 4567 one of the laws of the land.

Like a well-trained monkey, the Lord-Governor-General tips his "cady," which means that the emperor, through his representative, consents, and the will of the people becomes the law of the land.

So is Canada as self-governing as we are. But was anything ever more gorgeously absurd than this idiotic recognition and countenance of royalty which has lost its power, and probably quite as

surely, its mental capacity to rule. Why keep up all this silly nonsense of royal reign? That which is true of Canada is likewise true of South Africa and all of Australasia, and all too tardily being proffered to Ireland.

England has been a complex political organism, developing much that is fine, creating much that is basically usable in the development and perfection of democracy and retaining with it all much of the absurd nonsense of extravagantly endowed royalty.

Tradition is the hardest thing in the world to overthrow, but the tradition that does not cultivate the finer thing, that makes no contribution, that merely saps substance from the workers to sustain a caste or royal class, is all wrong—so wrong that it cannot last long.

England's story of empire carries many pages of wrongs, but to her glory also many positive movements toward the right. In the weighted average of things, against the entrenched resistance of royalty, she has been growing better and nobler and finer through the years.

The voice of David Kirkwood that rose in Parliament to protest against the payment to the Duke of York of 25,000 pounds for just getting married to a "Lady," is a voice that will not be silenced. That voice will not down. It is the dukes who in

the end will go down. All royalty is social junk. It has served its purpose. It has taught us what we don't want. It's getting pretty close to the time when the world will throw away all the royal rubbish.

BALANCE

BALANCE is the quality that makes all other qualities effective. Without balance our best qualities would prove our undoing.

The miser walks his miserable way, hated by society. How do we diagnose his ailments? He lacks balance. For him cold, metallic gold is the most desirable thing in existence. Beside the metallic ring of gold, the crackle of coal on the family hearth, the lisped caress of children, the fond confidence of wife are nothing. Beside the chink of gold pieces, the greatest singer must be silent. Because the glint of gold has blinded his eyes, the wondrous paintings of genius are lost to him; the tender green of springtime and rose-violet tone of sunset find him unresponsive.

Our institutions are filled with people who have lost their sense of balance or, poor creatures, have been sent into the world without it.

This man would stake his hope of salvation on a drink of whiskey. Weak in the first place, he is still further weakened by being preyed upon, until he has fallen so low that neither honor, friends, money nor home count against the liquid fire which his diseased stomach craves.

This woman's Nemesis is personal ambition. For its realization she barter her choicest treasures—home, family, husband. And when she has attained her goal, she finds it empty and unsatisfying.

The sense of balance is the most valuable endowment a man can have. With it as handmaids go contentment, peace and charity.

The power to discriminate and set proper values is the hallmark of the well-bred.

No man is well-balanced unless he is evenly developed. His mentality must rule his physique, and his spirituality must dominate his mentality.

No man is well-balanced who is content with the life of a sot or an animal. And in the same way, no man is well-balanced who can be satisfied with only the things of this world, even though they be the very best of earth. Back of all the intellectual culture must come the spiritual quickening to the man of balance. His intellect may be such that he rejects the creeds that satisfy less cultivated minds but the yearning for the Higher Life must be there or the soul is deformed and distorted.

No one need tell the physicist of the law of balance. To him balance is the fundamental truth. He finds it supreme in every process of nature,

great and small. And it is no less basic to the philosopher and the sociologist.

Life consists almost wholly in buying and selling and paying. There are no gifts. There is nothing that does not exact payment. If we cannot pay for gifts in kind, we pay in gratitude or in service.

If we want friends we must pay for friendship by being a friend ourself. To gain confidence, we must give confidence. To earn good will we must give good will. Hate is the unvarying return for hate. Everything in nature, conscious and unconscious, animate and inanimate, is busily engaged in paying its debts. We plant a tree in the hope and expectation of return. Nothing less. We trust even unconscious things to pay the debt of the care we take of them.

Justice and right are accomplished by the rendering of equivalents, by striking the balance.

We suffer evil consequences from every departure from balance. Over-eating and under-eating, over-work and under-work, each brings its inalienable harvest of woe. We believe in a kingdom of equivalents. The laws are strict and if we break them we pay the penalty. A headache viewed alone and separate from the indulgence that caused

it is apparently an evil; but seen as a consequence connected with its cause it is just and right.

The province of balance is correction of excess or lack. Our human laws are designed for the same end and are eternally being made over and corrected that they may serve that end the better.

Experience and religion both teach us that the books of life must balance. Completeness and justice must come to the individual even though slowly. If the balance is not struck in this world, there must be a future existence where wrongs can be righted and justice done.

THE HIGHER BATTLE

SURROUNDED by the trophies of battle stands the tomb of the great martial Napoleon who said: "The more I study the world, the more I am convinced of the inability of brute force to create anything durable."

From the sepulchers of all departed empires echoes the warning, "They that take the sword shall perish by the sword."

There is nothing lovely about the art of killing; nothing noble in the cultivation of brutality. The power of brawn is always baser than the power of brain.

West Point and Annapolis are government colleges. They are the only colleges in America where young men are paid to go to school. Yet they can't find enough students to fill them even for pay. These colleges teach boys how to kill men. Normal boys in this age prefer to pay to learn a vocation that will help rather than harm men. Wars are getting unpopular. The soldier vocation is getting out-of-date.

If you would see loyalty, implicit obedience and discipline at their best, look not among the warriors wielding brutal implements on the battlefield, but turn your eyes on the laboratory where

with eager intensity the scientist watches the forces of nature to learn her will.

If you would know devotion to duty at its finest, recall not the charge of the six hundred at Balaclava but look into the dark alleys of great cities where quiet and determined men and women offer the cup of their whole lives to the parched lips of the unfortunate.

In our own Civil war we learned that the heroism of a President could be as wonderful as that of a general.

The enthusiasm of a truth seeker may be quite as glorious as the zeal that scales the height and captures the citadel.

Peace brings no cessation of glory. Peace is not a negative state. War is the negation. War is the interruption of progress.

War brings out nothing good in human nature that can not be developed infinitely more richly under the gentle reign of peace.

Virtue, bravery, self-abnegation are not borne along by the trumpet's blare. They are the ornaments of daily toil. They send the young swimmer to the river's whirlpool to save, rather than crush, a brother's life.

Peace and not war glorifies life. Peace is liberty and liberty enlightens the world.

The higher soldiership is found in battle against nature in her hostile moods and manifestations.

Colonel Waring, who gave his life in the fight against yellow fever in Cuba fought the bravest and most useful battle waged in that island during our war with Spain.

Bravery and patriotism will not perish when all wars are ended and all battle flags are furled.

The captain of industry can demonstrate just as much fortitude and brain in conserving the power of his cohorts and using them to best advantage as can the captain of infantry.

Uncovering his head before a statue of Pasteur, the great bacteriologist, the late Robert Ingersoll exclaimed, "I take my hat off to the memory of the soldier who fought the higher battle of saving men."

TRUE CULTURE

OUR idea of culture is too often an anomaly. We accord virtue to a superficial gloss of information, a cursory second-hand knowledge perhaps of polite literature and art. We consider the college the seat of culture. We are wrong.

The college is the seat of opportunity. It is a place where we learn to handle the tools that lend success to our later life and make possible a true appreciation of life itself.

But the seat of culture is the whole wide world. The gnarled old grandmother dozing by the fire-side with her disciplined, chastened outlook on life, her deep philosophy and her patient sunny optimism wears a halo of culture that her strong-minded, intolerant, bumptious granddaughter of the B. A. aristocracy is too immature to fathom. Grandmother's Ph. D. was earned cum laude from the most exacting and the highest standard college in the Universe: Life.

Unobtrusively pursuing her round of duties, she has built up bit by bit the character, the heart, the tolerance, the ability to discern the good, that are earth's patent of nobility, earth's seal of her elect which the great majority of us are too complacent or too stupid to recognize.

The pseudo-culture round about us would be comic, were it not so pitiable and impudent. The way we bend the knee to mere book learning and dilettantism is no credit to our culture. It is inconceivable that a superficial knowledge of the books and writers of some of the most trivial and ephemeral forms of literature should entitle an individual to strut about among us and give himself airs.

Why on earth should we consider a bookish cast of countenance or mode of life as a bit more meritorious or more valuable than an ability to grow cabbages or run engines or cook eatables or make good roads.

The bookish man is too often a mere sponge; perhaps not even a reflector of excellence.

The maker of good roads is a positive contributor to the welfare of civilization. That is the hallmark and the only one that true culture can recognize.

Why should it be a sign of superiority for grown individuals to haunt libraries all their waking hours and get pasty-faced from mental dyspepsia, due to lack of the exercise of their bodies. Society may tolerate such a man as it tolerates many a weakling but it is ridiculous for society to allow

him to wrap himself in the purple mantle of superiority.

It is beyond us how the perusal of Mrs. Humphrey Ward or Arnold Bennett should give any man leave to patronize the useful citizen who delivers the coal or improves the breed of stallions. Book talk may be fascinating, as it is, among the experts whose special province it is, but among the superficial and ungifted it is a weariness to the flesh.

Men who read books and men who write them have no monopoly of intelligence or of culture.

The mere writing of books, much less the mere reading of them, with superficial dinner table criticism it not a doorplate of culture. The writer who creates something that helps the world to create, that lifts other minds into creative capacity evidences culture. But he who builds a bridge or graces the landscape with a well-proportioned and perfectly balanced tower or he who develops a sizeable business also evidences culture.

Literature is the highest of the arts because it is the avenue over which travel the poets and the philosophers who speak the eternal truths. But because Shakespeare and Goethe are stars of the first magnitude it does not follow that every man who has crept between book covers takes place

with them and their kind among the lofty lights.

True culture finds enjoyment in witnessing the work of the master of anything. True culture learns from all masters. True culture pays heartfelt reverence to those who make some real contribution to the work which the world has to do.

The bridge-builder and the merchant, the stock breeder and the cabbage grower lack an essential element of culture without the refining forces of expressed philosophy in essay, fiction and verse and in the interpretative delineations of art. But the devotees of art and literature themselves are wanting in cultural elements if they do not know and feel the refining forces of soil cultivation and appreciate the art of rightly distributing the weight and stress of a mammoth river bridge.

There never was a time when there was so much good writing and so much purposeful authorship as now. It is purposeful because it broadens understanding and appreciation and stimulates purposeful activities. He is without culture who cannot himself voice a quotable thought or give to mankind something which others may richly appreciate.

THE POETS

A FEW years ago there rested under the dome of Indiana's state capitol the body of a dead man. Thousands of people passed through that great amber-lit rotunda to view those mortal remains.

He whose eyes saw not and whose lips spoke not, had held no exalted office within that edifice of state. He had asked no favor of his people yet they loved and honored no man so much.

No governor of that commonwealth had ever given its people as much comfort or encouragement, contentment or gladness, inspiration or spiritual quickening as had this man who lay sleeping on his bier before a multitude of bowed heads.

The highest honors of the state were inadequate to express the sorrow of the plain people at the passing of their poet. His name was Riley.

Great poets lift themselves up above the petty prejudices of the present, soaring as eagles to the high cliffs of rugged ranges where they may see beyond sectional jealousies and find the common ground of universal brotherhood.

The great poets of all ages have been international rather than national in their patriotism.

The poets are the pilots who lead us out of littleness into bigness. They are the sculptors who mould our ideas into ideals. They are delineators of the soul who put the panorama of experience on paper as the painter puts a picture on canvas.

Poets are not prodigies. They are products. They harmonize wisdom and justice through intense study, deep reasoning and reflection.

All great poets have great knowledge. Their higher, broader view gives them deeper understanding than is shared by the mass of men.

Neither insincerity nor stupidity can hide behind the mask of poetry. So soon as either attempts it, discord is revealed in verse.

Unless verse be the vehicle to move the mind up to the level of an ideal it falls by the gravity of absurdity.

Poetry is truth pictured through personality.

Poetry is the voice of Fame which tells us not what is famous but what should be famous.

Poetry preaches. It is reason revealed in emotion.

It is the poets who possess the greatest passion for truth. They embellish truth with beauty without polluting its purity or lessening the power of its light.

Poetry is the highest branch of science. The biologist who explores the belly of a beetle or surveys the thorax of a bee is only in primary science. The highest of all science is the science of society and it finds its climax in the science of the soul. There is the poet's laboratory.

The best moments of the best minds are bequeathed to us in poetry.

The music of the lyre moved Saul's body to quiet, but it took the poet's song to bring his brain back to mastery.

Poetry is embellished eloquence. This exalted eloquence makes beauty benignant; it reveals something divine in that which seems deformed; it sweetens sorrow with sanctity; it inspires selfishness to sacrifice; it builds heroism out of horror.

Poetry pleads with men to be heroic. It pictures man not as he is, but as he should be. It sets up high standards. It challenges courage.

No man can be a poet who is not sincere and who is without depth and breadth of vision. Neither brain nor heart alone can make a poet. Poetry is the product of brain and heart.

Poets are too busy with principles to be worried with participles.

Poets are simple and direct. They leave it to their "learned" interpreters to make their thoughts look deep and difficult.

Poets would find most of our professional interpreters of poetry the essence of comedy. If a poet is so simple that the masses can "get him" then the "professor" fails to recognize greatness. "Professors" prize most the poets who are just a little vague. That gives them a grand chance to throw a spasm of intellectual epilepsy over "what did the poet mean" when all the time the chances are good that the poet meant just what he said.

It is the poets who are the scholars, not the "professors" who parse paragraphs into segregated segments until the life of the poem is lost in the success of the surgery.

Creating poetry is not a pastime. It is a duty that demands diligence.

Poetry is feeling, and he is without feeling who does not know the tax of toil.

In every man rests a deep desire to be better than he is. This is the poetic instinct in man. All men are eager to be elevated. Though they may lack the courage that makes character, they are never too low to desire it.

It is the poet's job to cultivate that yearning,

build up that will and encourage that courage. To read a poem brings one near to being a poet.

Poetry is the expression of faith. It is an eternal fountain of hope. It is the conserving and encouraging, quite as much as the comforting force in life.

Reason is equipped with the wings of imagination by the seers who sing.

God has chosen the poets to bring his greatest messages. It is they who speak the eternal truths. They are the law givers of the ages. Their aspiration is too high, their justice too deep to know the petty limitations of political lines or to see the colored patches on the maps which princes paint.

In every clime and time and country the poets have been the unacknowledged legislators of the world.

"I care not who may make the laws of a nation if I may write its songs."

THE LAW OF THE LAND

YOUR political principles are pretty poor if they will not stand the acid test of Sabbath day consideration. Ask yourself if you can happily put your political professions before your conscience in the sanctuary of the church. Can you unblushingly measure your political faith against the Golden Rule?

The ballot is a sacred trust. It is abused when put in thoughtless hands or when voted to gain selfish ends.

Citizenship is sanctified. He who is given a voice in government is burdened with a holy responsibility. He is his brother's keeper.

He who votes to take advantage of his brother repudiates all religious teachings. Only he who votes for the welfare of the greatest number puts his piety into practice and is worthy of citizenship in a democracy.

He who follows the practices of the past is not a progressive. He is nothing but a brake on the wheels of progress.

The progressive citizen is he who is not content merely to listen to truth one day in seven. He wants to put that truth into practice seven days in every week and fifty-two weeks in every year. He

makes truth his own. He saturates his subconsciousness with it. The road to truth is long.

Through thousands of years men wrangled and warred to find a better way to live. Cherished institutions have been overthrown and their decay has fertilized the fields of the future from which has grown the better bloom.

"We are tired of having our state the laboratory of democracy," cry the Tories. Poor Reactionary, poor voters who shy at truth, poor creatures clinging to the past as fearful children cling to mother's apron. Their pitiable protest against progress will be just about as effective as the bee that tries to outbuzz the roar of Niagara.

Theirs is not the speech of full grown men, men who make their political duty a religious duty.

All the ages behind us have been laboratories in which truth in government has been put to the test. As the result of these experiments men have been slowly sloughing off prejudices to adorn themselves with principles, putting those principles into practice by measuring them against the Golden Rule, and if they be not true, going out as Christian soldiers to seek the closer truth.

Up to within one and a half hundred years ago the march of mankind had not lead a great nation away from the ancient and childish belief that as

there was one ruler above there must be one ruler below. So through all ages and all countries we have found the peoples meekly accepting the autocratic rule of kings. But the day of autocratic rule is gone.

The French Revolution and the building of the United States of America ushered a new thought and a new ideal into the life of the world. Humanity had a new awakening. The people found they could do for themselves better than one man could do for them. The will of the people and not the will of the monarch became the law of the land.

Democracy is not without its defects. It is cumbersome; it moves slowly, very slowly, but it moves right. It makes mistakes only to discover its mistakes and correct them.

Democracy is governed by a feeling within and not a force without. And it is that "within ourselves" sense of strength that knits this mighty nation together, cements it into a union that cannot be torn or broken.

Democracy can be moulded but it never can be managed. Those who attempt to rule it for selfish gain, as kings of old, run into reason that is now as deep-rooted as were prejudices which in olden time gave autocrats their power.

Progress is built true to the everlasting law of the Golden Rule. All the Resisters and Reactionaries in the world cannot repudiate this vital spiritual force that is back of democracy and that will keep this and every other state an "experiment station in democracy". For the people are masters of themselves; they are forever seeking truth. The truth as the people see it will be the will of the people. People who are too timid or too ignorant to seek or see the truth will be slaves to rulers. The Truth Shall Make You Free. To all people who are enough awake to have a will, the will of the people is now and forever will be THE LAW OF THE LAND.

BOY SCOUTS

WE ARE beginning to study boys with understanding and sympathy. With all the intensity of her outlook on great problems, Jane Addams the "best citizen" of Chicago found time to write "The Spirit of Play and the City Streets," the great child problem of her midland metropolis in the nineties, now quite happily under way to solution through the development of real play grounds.

Where the old Puritan idea was repression, the newer and wiser idea is diversion. Mischief we scientifically declare is but energy gone wrong. A boy will enjoy doing the constructive thing just as much as the destructive. And the glow in his heart that comes from the approval of his neighbor is the most saving grace possible.

No creature on earth craves approval and thrives on it so much as that uncouth, ungainly small boy. If you would bring out the best that is in him and fit him happily into his niche in the scheme of creation try thick applications of praise, and see how he mellows and expands in the congenial atmosphere. He will be as radiant as a flower in the sunshine.

It is the consciousness of guilt, that we poor blind grown-ups fasten onto the buoyant spirit of youth with our everlasting scoffing and nagging, that throws the first numbing chill over the young soul and cramps his promise of the future.

By working on this theory—that mischief is but the bubbling over of excess energy and like any other great force needs not correction but direction—two real boy-lovers worked out a great idea in the solution of the boy problem.

They took the legitimate ideals and idols of normal boys and used them constructively. They set out to change the grown-ups not the boys. By teaching us they propose to give the boy a chance.

That faithful and obnoxious old “Don’t” gave way to its more hopeful younger brother “Do.” Things have changed since the prayerful pious used to whisper sad predictions about “Johnny the Perverse” son of the excellent Deacon, who ran away and was found next morning boiling stolen eggs in an old tomato can down by the “clearing” and who when dragged home vowed he would be a tramp when he grew up. In those days the praying band did not always give Johnny absent treatment for his social ills.

Things have changed. Johnny is no longer an outlaw.

He no longer slinks along the highway favoring the Upright with a sidewise malevolent glance and shying stones at their respectable cats. He himself walks with head up, an esteemed member of the community and shyly snatches off his cap when any lady of his acquaintance goes by.

A great light has dawned upon fathers and mothers. It came in the most authoritative and impressive manner through books by experts, whose words sank deep into parents' souls.

The lad no longer scuttles down the rainpipe when the Red Gods of Nature take possession of his spirit. Instead he swings on the front gate and discusses tents and tackle and packs right out in the open with his cronies and the new minister who, to his everlasting astonishment, appears to be human. Mother bakes. Dad takes out the flivver and speeds down to Hillsboro for a Scout and a Kamp Kit. And the boy leaves home, not furtively via the barn, but out through the clicking front gate where the minister and his boy pals await him; and the hearts of the village glow with the joy in their boys' faces and the strength of their hugs at parting.

Boys haven't changed one bit; but Dad and Mother and the Minister have learned a lot. They have glimpsed the holy pan-theism of the boy's

soul and have tuned their own ears to the calling of the Red Gods, and the love of skies and streams and woods and mists of morning. And who can say that they have not benefited?

Ernest Thompson-Seton who lives on a beautiful island close to the Connecticut shore, years ago decided the ugliest thing in the world was fear; in his little island kingdom he would banish fear.

All living creatures in his small domain soon became his trusting friends. Then he saw the larger world. If it was well to take fear from the hearts of rabbits and squirrels and birds it was better to take fear from the hearts of children.

With an eminent English army officer, General Baden-Powell, he conceived the Boy Scout idea and with Dan Beard, the wood-craftsman, they began to give the parents ideas about letting the boy alone and giving him a square deal.

Later through the interest of William D. Boyce, a wealthy Chicago publisher, the isolated boy on the farm and the ranch was reached through the Lone Scout organization.

These organizations tell the boy what to do, not what not to do. They supply the lad with a multitude of Do's and not an avalanche of Don't's.

The Scout movement tells the boy that he is not merely tolerated; but that we need him. He wants

to be needed. It gives him a citizen's job before he is legally a citizen. That pleases him and builds him into a citizen.

The state needs its men when they are boys just as much as when they are voters. The boy needs self-respect, self-reliance and responsibility as does a man. The Scout movement is making better boys and in making better boys it is making better men. In making better men it makes a better country.

The Boy Scout movement is part of the better patriotism.

THE DARING

BRAVE men lay dying on the field of one of the greatest battles in history. Forget the cause of it all—the hideous hates of hereditary overlords who order brother disciples of the common Christ to slay each other—and let us contemplate the valor that stands ready to sacrifice all for a leader.

There is no battlefield where bravery is lost. The bravery of men never dies. Their heroism is the inspiration that gives birth to new ideals. The hero's spirit enters into and hallows a hundred advancing souls.

Calamity may level an army, but the valor of those who fall on the firing line bounds back to fortify the stout hearts of those who fill up the ranks from the rear.

There is no place where bravery can avail nothing. There is nothing that can be won without bravery. Victory is the liquidation of an investment of courage.

Bravery sanctifies even wrong causes. Heroism purifies base purposes. The hero of a mistaken cause bequeaths a higher ideal than he championed.

Bravery is the highest expression of generosity. It surmounts fear and multiplies chances.

Courage is contagious. It charms the discouraged into new action and fresh hope. It is the very genius of inspiration. It is the ideal burst into flame.

Bravery is the pedestal of character. It is the cement which gives unity to a people and power to a purpose.

Bravery in battle displays the spiritual grandeur of man daring death that he may bequeath his ideal to those he loves.

The world will never cease to honor the deeds of men who for the good of others stand their ground ready to fall without flinching.

Only noble men can do the greatest deeds of war. Bravery puts both brain and body fiber to the test.

Heroes pass us daily unobserved. It is the conflict of arms or the battle of conscience that reveals MEN.

The braves of battle center on the forces that face them and fight the fight to a finish. It is their self-sacrificing service that enriches the land in which their battle-bruised bodies lie, and brings their people to the altar of their inspiration.

Upon the blood-soaked fields of battle rest today the heroes of many flags. Their virtue cannot decay. Just or unjust, right or miserably meaningless as the war may be, they who brave the enemy's fire, who give the greatest gift for those they love, will live forever in song and story. It is they who win VICTORY; not the crowned monarch who from the safe retreat walks over the fields on which they fell to claim the fort or citadel.

“Sleep, soldiers, still in honored rest
Your truth and valor wearing.
The bravest are the tenderest;
The loving are the daring.”

BAD INVESTMENTS

THE United States is studying its business of being a nation with an earnestness and zeal never before seen in history. She calls to her councils experts in all fields, and in doing so behaves very much as any other great business enterprise.

The conservation of her resources, the protection of her people, are given into the care of economists and students who have specialized in the lines of her various activities.

The United States has not had a change of heart. It is merely because the conditions of life have grown too stern for the old happy-go-lucky days of graft and exploitation. The "good old days" when every fellow was given a free hand to get his fortune without thought of society's needs, have been found to be a bad investment for the country. The continuation of the practices of the "good old days" would soon bankrupt the nation.

Efficiency is the watchword of the age. We are learning that ignorance is a bad investment. New York State spends more money for the care of its criminal and imbecile dependents than she spends on her entire public school system. She is finding out why she is so overburdened with human wrecks. New York City is our biggest port. We

find Europe has made us the garbage can for her refuse. This must be corrected. We must build up people who can be educated and can function as good citizens.

Education is prized. People strive for it not as a cultural embellishment but as a weapon against want.

Among people of means the snob who despises work has come to be a remnant of society too unimportant to bother with. Life makes us all workers; it gives no quarter to the drifter.

Today as never before the nation is looking for efficiency. The individual is being studied for his power and endurance.

With one stroke of the pen Russia abolished the sale of vodka. It is a deadly foe to efficiency and its tremendous revenue to the government was an indulgence which Russia could no longer afford.

In England Lord Kitchener pleaded with misguided patriots not to give liquor to the soldiers, because England could not afford to keep drunken soldiers in a great crisis.

The last economic plea of the saloon men was that of revenue to the state. And the state found out that its license to liquor was a bad investment; it did not pay; it reduced efficiency; weakened mentality; multiplied crime. On the balance book

the charges against it were vastly greater than the revenue which it produced. As a pure business proposition, the liquor traffic was a bad investment. As a bad investment it was doomed.

Child labor may bring rich returns to the employer who pockets the dollars made by little fingers. But it is a bad investment to the nation. The state cannot afford to make a man rich by paying for the human wrecks that he throws upon the state to support at just the time when they should be developing into efficient citizens.

The tenements represent the best earning in the city real estate market. But the free hospital service for consumptives which the state is forced to supply, and the final gathering of wornout humanity into poor houses for the state to support, prove that the greedy hands of such landlords reach through the pockets of the immediate victims into the coffers of the state. That landlord is an extravagance the state cannot afford.

The neglected child is a bad investment. Handicapped with defective eye sight, ill-nourished, gasping for breath through a choked-up nose and throat, he becomes a drag in our public schools upon our happier, better-cared-for children. We have found that it is a good investment to correct his condition not only for his good but for the

common good. Money paid out now to serve him eventually means money saved to the state. The nation is learning that it, as well as an individual, can be penny-wise and pound-foolish, and it is beginning to eliminate its bad investments.

THE STANDPATTER

VICTORY never comes without defeat. No soldier ever wins a battle unless some soldier loses a battle. No man ever gains a power that is not subject to recall. There is no conqueror who is not ever in danger of meeting his master. As soon as a man becomes a standpatter he is lost, for he is sure to be overtaken by the fellow who is still going ahead.

The "consistent" man who binds his tomorrow to his convictions of today never helps the world ahead. Asia has suffered by centuries of "consistent" men.

Emerson tells us that only a fool is consistent. Today conquers yesterday and tomorrow vanquishes today. Every sunset promises a new day, not the repetition of the old.

Those only forge ahead and keep ahead who, with the world, are willing to go ahead.

"Every conservative worships a dead progressive and the deader he is the better," says a modern English observer. The true progressive goes ahead with the living present. He is the soldier marching into battle, not the soldier who is done with the battle and is busy building monuments to those who once marched.

Men with imagination refuse to be bound ; they seek new goals. To them the new ideal is bigger and better than the old.

So soon as you become content with your strength, weakness fastens upon you. The fellow who is cock-sure is the fellow who is in danger of defeat.

Rome was the capital of a giant race until weakened by over-confidence it fell a prey to new races of giants.

Business enterprises like kingdoms learn that they must conform to an ever-changing program and to ever new ideas, else they totter under the assaults of younger blood.

You are either up to date or out of date. You must be one or the other.

It is the creative impulse and not the retentive instinct that pushes civilization ahead.

You must go forward or backward, for if you stand still tomorrow will swing you into yesterday.

Education consists not only in knowing things but in knowing how to know things. The true educator does more than instruct, he inspires. He helps the boy whom he teaches to some day know more than he can ever know.

The ideas of yesterday are all in print but the ideas of tomorrow are not yet ready for the press.

To be up to date you must think not that which is in print but that which is yet to be printed.

Every great invention has come through some insurgent scientist, who dared attempt that which the standpat scientist said could not be done.

Every conqueror has put foot upon territory that the standpatter told him could not be conquered.

Every new ideal that has come to benefit mankind has come against the protest of those who cried: "Look back. Look back to the 'good old days.' The future is dark ahead."

Yet we find the sun as bright and warm tomorrow as yesterday; we find it shining ever upon a better world, looking down upon the standpatter who, pushed forward against his will, still gazes backward at "the good old days."

FORWARD

WE CANNOT stand still even if we wish to. Forces drive us from today into tomorrow. Forces make today different from yesterday. We may feel reactionary but we cannot be reactionary. We may feel as reactionary as ancient Rome but we can't ride in a chariot; there is none left. We have to go by auto or trolley.

We may prefer to go from town to town by stage as they did in "the good old days," but "the good old days" are gone. The stage is no longer here and the locomotive is. The flight of time fights us.

Each new epoch is governed by new forces. The world wills regardless of what you wish.

The past never finished anything. The past started everything. Nothing is ever completed but ever completing.

Arts, sciences, industries, governments and opinions grow. They are forever building on the foundations of the past.

Ruskin has compared the forward movement of the world with a continually rolling and constantly gathering snowball, higher and higher, larger and larger, along the Alps of human power.

Time is an accumulating force.

Progress begins with the minority. Often that minority is one. By reason of commanding intellect and logic, the masses follow and the ideals of the minority become the impatient working convictions of the majority.

The man who is willing to obey will always find a man to command. Those who wish are always the servants of those who will. Those who will ever force us forward.

Truth is the reward of the pursuer. The search may bring a richer reward than the thing sought.

Columbus sailed forth on uncharted seas. His faith found twin continents. A new world loomed up before his ship's prow because he dared sail against the standpatter's disbelief. He was the progressive minority of 1492 who found the path over which impatient millions follow.

Imagination forever seeks further goals. The last ideal is but the stepping stone to the next ideal. The new shores were but the forerunners of new governments.

Success is never still. It must keep going or it fails. Complacency breeds negligence; negligence dulls initiative. Competence demands keen initiative, going forward in the face of doubt.

Neglect duty, grow careless, and your place in the ranks is taken by the man who crowds you from behind.

Neither individual nor state can hitch to the ideas of the past. The stability of ability is determined by the impelling force of the future. Thus the future draws and the past drives.

Civilization is a progressive process. The arrow on the road points FORWARD.

MONUMENTS

MEN who most deserve monuments are the men who least need them. To within a decade ago the body of one of the early Presidents of the United States rested in an almost unmarked grave. Yet his fame was secure. In the same cemetery rose a stately shaft, some forty feet in air, on the base of which was boldly and deeply chiseled the announcement that there lay a "statesman, orator, poet and philosopher." We cannot recall his name. Nearby a dead brewer rested beneath enough ornate marble to embellish the resting place of a pretentious prince.

The greatest philosopher that America has produced sleeps in the historic cemetery at Concord, Massachusetts, under a rough boulder on which no words are written to define his virtues or capacities because the whole story is fully told in the one name—EMERSON.

You cannot make a man great after he is dead by piling stone above his mortal remains and inscribing thereon terms that cannot stand the test of time.

It is the soul that goes marching on. Your soul is your monument. As your soul is deep and broad and big and aspiring your monument will be lasting and inspiring to new generations.

Cold stone cannot keep memory warm. Fond friends may build monuments to express personal affection and pride. Wealth may display wealth over closed caskets but the fond friends cannot bequeath their personal affection and pride, nor can wealth justify wealth merely through sculptural and architectural display.

The only masonry that can perpetuate esteem and cement the future to reverence for the past is the masonry of character building. All monuments have life at the beginning. Their life is long or short as those they are set up to honor have rendered service to others.

He who has so lived as to endear himself only to his own family and to his friends by generous, gentle and helpful acts, will live so long as they who have profited by his life. The endurance of that memory is measured by the manner in which we decorate our lives; not by how we decorate our graves.

Tombs are but the clothes of the dead. A rich man may put on rich ornaments but the old adage that the tailor cannot make the man is just as true after death as in life.

He who has made his influence for good felt far will from a higher heaven discover that stately mausoleums are no more effective than the hum-

blest headstone to serve as a marker for deeds well done.

Many princely merchants have by their own will and testament been laid away in stately mausoleums, lavishly ornamented with sculptural design while the father of our country rests in a simple tomb indeed on a shelf of land overlooking the broad and beautiful Potomac.

Washington needs no ornate resting place. His fame is too secure to need the architect's and mason's implements. Washington was not worried over the petty problem of what people might think of him when he was gone. He concerned himself with what he might, while here, do for the good of future years.

Out of that investment of self there grew the love of a nation which could not content itself with merely ornamental stones above his sealed casket. That which he planned should be called the District of Columbia, they called the city of Washington in his honor. The nation's capital is his monument. And at the end of the Mall that leads Potomac-ward from the great dome of the nation's legislative sanctuary, loving hearts that he knew not pierced the sky with an obelisk which by its strong, upreaching lines symbolizes the aspiration and the hopes of him who lived and labored that

a government of the people, for the people and by the people might here be made and never perish.

The inspirational force of that towering symbol of high ideals and heroism has quickened the pulse of patriotism in millions of American hearts. It is the superlative example of the monument that breathes an enduring life because back of it stood a life that invested itself mightily for the good of mankind.

In Springfield, Illinois, beneath a monument bristling with battle groups, rests the remains of the immortal Lincoln. Yet the capital of an American commonwealth that bears his name is the more enduring memorial.

The cabin home whence he came has been carefully preserved in a structure as enduring as stone can make it that the inspiration of this doer of good deeds, this champion of the rights of men, might be given to every school boy and girl, stimulating and quickening the accumulatory love of succeeding generations that all who live under our flag in future years may know that if we keep this government of ours a pure democracy even the child of humblest birth may live to render his country its greatest service in its hour of greatest need.

The tomb of the matchless Master has long been lost in a cloud of confusion and historic doubt. But

in every city and village and hamlet there are heaven-pointing spires, inspiring monuments to the living and the lasting inspiration of the humble Carpenter who went about doing good.

The monument that you build for yourself is measured by the conduct of your life and not by the last will and testament which you make. It is measured by the hearts you have touched and the lasting good you have done.

The real monument builders are each day working with a sanctified purpose to make this world a better place in which to live. They are not thinking of themselves; they are thinking of others, of the help they can render others.

BATTLE WITH THE BALLOT

IN HIS inaugural address, President Rutherford B. Hayes struck the keynote of political virtue and the refinement of political regularity when he said: "He serves his party best who serves his country best."

Measured in incidents no game is so uncertain as politics. Measured in collective events no human interest is more definitely directed toward a forward course. The law of chance is as fixed as the law of the planets.

Political reverses serve only to further advance the ideals of government. The worth of a good thing is emphasized by contrast with the bad.

The government of selfishness gives way to the government of altruism because the individual fighting for his selfish interests is not strong enough to battle against the greatest common denominator of welfare to the multitude.

Monarchy may be likened to a man-of-war; it is easy to hit and to injure. Democracy, like a raft, is hard to hit and hard to overturn.

The builders of America established a government in which the people themselves would be masters.

Parties, like individuals, fall into selfish hands and selfish habits. Ideals do not cling to parties; parties cling to ideals. Every Democrat will attempt to define the principles of Thomas Jefferson to justify his party alignment, just as every Republican still harps back to the "Union and Liberty" plea that gave his party noble cause for being. Parties cling to ancient ideals. It is the independents who advance the ideals to which the parties are forced to come.

"Real political issues cannot be manufactured by political parties," declared President Garfield, and, he added, "real issues cannot be evaded by them."

Thus have we seen the Republican party stranded on the rocks of avarice and greed. Thus we see the minority of the Republican party trying to wreck the whole party through a plea of devotion to party and the selfish interests which have secured control of it.

And thus we have seen reactionary Democrats trying to drag their selfish purposes into office by claiming allegiance to great altruistic and communistic Presidents whose principles they wholly repudiate.

The ballot is the musket which democracy puts into the hands of her minute men. The ballot-box

stuffer or manipulator is a thief who tries to steal the government itself. His offense should never be viewed as a light one. Let the enemies of the ideals of democracy come only so near that you may see the whites of their eyes, then fire.

The right of the American people to rule themselves will never be lost so long as the spirit of independence lives and the free-thinking voter is allowed to fight his battles with his ballot.

FATHERS AND SONS

WE ARE beginning to dedicate days and weeks to contemplation of better living. Once a year we now give a week to the cultivation of a closer comradeship between fathers and sons. It is a signal week in many homes. It is a time of introductions and renewed acquaintance, of dawning congeniality and good fellowship. It belongs to Dad and the Boys. Mother and Sister uncomplainingly take back seats. Father and the boys don't keep their new companionship to themselves, they put on their hats and overcoats and go out to dinner with a lot of other fathers and boys, each one a little shy and no end proud, and all eager for the warm glow of understanding and friendship that the week is ordained to foster.

All have a good dinner and talk over their problems. Sometimes a gray-haired father holds the stage and furrows his forehead over the problem, "Boy". And just as often a youth with impish dimple discusses "Fathers," from the boys' standpoint; and greatly to the amazement of Dad, he is a problem, too. Can you doubt there is plenty of discussion after that?

The kind of boy that might be called troublesome gets the floor and puts up his problems to

this unusual company of listeners, and the boys who are "good" are silent and wonder if they ever have been really tempted and if perhaps they have not been a little too priggish and intolerant of those other fellows. Fathers who are conspicuous successes as fathers get busy and give talks of rare insight and inspiration. Boy experts, they are, and they talk of books and music and gardens and pets and sports and enthusiasms and all the things that fill the boy world.

A famous librarian tells how he came to love the books that had blessed his life. His wise father gave him two dollars and went with him to the bookstore, where the boy chose for himself a *Life of Lincoln*. He carried it home and put it on the shelf in his own room. It was his most cherished possession. When he had read and reread it, they made another pilgrimage to the store and he chose a *Life of Washington*. Later one of *Benjamin Franklin* and one of *Cromwell*. Thus as his own small library grew on its shelf in his room, the love of books grew in his soul. And he had solace for the many grey days of living and the best companionship possible when his path led far from home.

A man whose hobby is the garden may speak of the culture and joy that come from growing

things and reminds them of the Bible story how God started the human race in a garden.

If you would expand a boy's soul, fill it with reverence, and the way to do that is to let him grow something. The boy who has planted a garden is one of the mainstays of the world. He gets health and respect for honest toil and discipline and persistence. The boy who has weeded a long row of onions on his hands and knees in the hot sun is not likely to grow up a snob and a foolish spender. He has won too great a measure of self respect.

One very successful father says: "Take your boy with you on trips. Introduce him to our big men; let him shake their hands and hear them talk. Let him see the places that are only names to him in his geography and history. Let him delight in them and rave over them. The world will teach him moderation later on, but if his enthusiasm is stifled it is gone forever."

An athlete talks of Sports and Sportsmanship and of being a Good Sport; and the faces young and old around the table glow with enthusiasm.

Then a teacher rises—not a regular teacher, but a specialist in teaching boys—an authority, who sees all around and in and about and through his subject. And while he talks the profoundest scien-

tific psychology, in words of one syllable practically, he brings naught but a message of cheer: "Don't despair about the boy that is slow in school."

Henry Ward Beecher was barely able to make his grades, being almost at the foot of his class.

James Russell Lowell was twice suspended from Harvard because of poor class work. But be it said to Harvard's lasting credit, Harvard itself had enough culture to recognize an inquiring mind when it found one, and to honor the intellect that was too impatient to serve its fellow men to be much interested in technical text. So Harvard graduated the young poet over an accumulation of ten conditions.

Kitchener was quick in mathematics but thick-headed in every other study. He managed to scramble into Woolwich but no one ever dreamed he would be the idol of the British Empire.

The tree has spells of growing and periods of quiet. So does the mind of a boy. Dullness is the rule of the world; brilliancy the exception.

Business and government and medicine and law and the church are all ruled by mediocrities. One of the truest stories ever written is that of the hare and the tortoise. Anyone who watches life is con-

stantly seeing the brilliant unstable man overtaken by the plodder with but half his ability.

Said Abraham Lincoln, "I have talked with great men and I do not see how they differ from others."

Father and Son's Week has been celebrated in many places. Many hearts and consciences have been aroused and many homes will be the homier and happier. Father has lost a year of age for each day that he was relearning the boy's viewpoint, and the little hard crust of independence and standoffishness that shut in the boy has dissolved in that wonderful solvent, comradeship.

MAKE YOUR OWN JOB

IT IS a common practice among boys to believe themselves wiser than their fathers. Sometimes they are. But a reciprocal respect for the opinion and judgment of the other is the most wholesome thing in the world for both.

Abraham Lincoln was a very wise man because he was a very wise boy. As a boy he was wiser than his father. His father was a good man, but not a wise man. His father had no use for books; he was a man without education and is credited with having said to his son, Abraham, "Books never done me no good, and they won't do you no good." But Abraham was so sure his father was wrong that he cultivated an intimate acquaintance with books and became a great man because he wisely disobeyed his father.

All fathers who advise their boys to study books may not be as wise as their sons because they may advise unwisely as to the kind of books the boy shall read. Robert Louis Stevenson's father tried to make an engineer out of his boy. His boy had no liking for science, but he had a great imagination. So he saved himself from being a mediocre engineer by becoming a great author, defying his well-meaning father.

There is another type of youth whom we frequently find who, unlike Lincoln and unlike Stevenson, is without either purpose or ambition of any kind and defies the anxious and ambitious father merely to gratify a wilful laziness. More than once such a son of a kindly, generous, indulgent, urgent and ambitious parent has come to us, pale, anaemic, without the power to concentrate, pleading for a job when there was no job. The world has no job for him. He had so long followed the line of least resistance that no one in the world could give him a job that he could fill.

The crucible test is obedience to an earnest purpose. The first thing for a boy to learn is that no one can GIVE him a job or a career. He must get his own job—find his own career.

The best father can do no more than help him to be equal to a job. He himself must find the job. And he must fill it.

The boy who is wiser than his father is the boy who, with a fixed purpose resists his father enough to get himself out of the rut and onto the road. And the father who is wiser than the son is he who, finding his son by his own initiative has put himself on the road, advances him on that road and does not attempt to switch the boy onto a cross-

road on which the boy's talents cannot be turned to account.

One of America's greatest living artists found himself at odds with his bright son of seventeen who was exhibiting evidences of inherited talent. This was just after we had entered the war. The boy who had been keen in school had lost all interest in his books. His father could not find arguments that would revive that interest in school work. The boy determined to some way find his place at the front and do his bit for the great cause that had become his obsession. Both the father and the youth were right because both were inspired with ambition and with purpose. Yet the conflict was inevitable because the youth was destined to be true to himself.

"Wait until you are eighteen, my boy, and then I will give more than my consent. I shall want you to enlist, but you are yet a child," said the concerned father.

Here is where the good parent failed to know his boy. The child was beyond his years. He was then a man, strong and hardy, keen, quick and impatient, tremendously alive to the vital issue that had consumed the world. And so he ran away to Canada where he was accepted into the service

on his honest statement of age without the consent of his parents.

Then it was the wise father woke up and became wiser. He yielded and said, "My boy, if you must fight for the cause, fight for it under your own flag."

At the father's request the Canadian government gladly transferred the boy to the United States forces. With his parents' consent the boy became a soldier of his own country.

But this youth was discovered to possess a talent that could be used to particular advantage so he was put where his talents would tell best for service. The result was he found himself and his vocational aspirations.

His interest turned to aeroplanes and he decided, man-fashion, to devote his life to the transportation of the future—the commerce in the air. The thrill of flight appealed to his youthful enthusiasm. But here is where the mature judgment of the father once more was helpful and the exchange of ambitions helped the boy to find his place.

Said the father, "Would you rather have been a Commodore Vanderbilt who first conceived, designed, planned and built the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad, or would you rather

have been the conductor who first enjoyed the thrill of collecting fares on the moving train? I will help you find your place in the future transportation system overhead. But do you want to be just a pilot or do you want to be the aero engineer that builds the bigger, better plans and plans the safer and speedier route? Find the best aero-engineering school in the world and I will send you there if you will prepare to meet its course."

It was so agreed. The boy was right when he defied his father and lifted himself out of the rut onto the road. And when the father actually found the boy on the road, the father was right when he no longer tried to divert but directed the new-found ambition and pushed it as far forward as the combined efforts of dad and son could possibly go.

It is the duty of dad to endow the boy with ambition. But it is the further duty, when the boy finds his ambition, to foster it and cultivate it. Do not try to drag the boy your way; push him his way.

The boy is often right and dad is often wrong. The way to help each other is to find that common denominator of mutual respect and mutual concern that surveys the field and individual bent because in the end each man must find his own job,

make his own job and fill his own job in his own way. It is the only way jobs are made. In preparing for jobs men are made.

THE FORGOTTEN

THE end of life is to civilize and humanize us into being good for something as friends and neighbors. A man ceases to grow and is on his ebb tide just as soon as he ceases to be reckoned with in his community.

It takes the Old to appreciate the value of Sorrow, because Age has had the widest acquaintance with Sorrow. The harsh winds of Life buffet us about and the rough stones bruise our feet, that we may realize the harshness of Life for other people and may grow tender and sympathetic.

A worthwhile soul is not long in learning that Life is a gift and is best used not in garnering all good to one's self but in giving sympathy to fellow-travelers, in easing the too-heavy burden from young shoulders, and in smoothing the way for old and tottering feet.

Life is impartial in the stern discipline she deals out to her children. She uses the same whips to scourge us all; ingratitude, injustice, hunger, cold, loss, bereavement. We all try to avoid the same pitfalls. We are beset by the same temptations. We are tested by the same trials.

Only the man whose soul has been harrowed by the same experience can be of real comfort to

the father who sees the earth closing over the beloved form of his first-born.

Only the mother who has lived through and lived down disgrace and disappointment can bring the healing balm of understanding to the woman stricken with a like calamity.

Life plows deep with disappointment and furrows our souls with anguish that she may sow our characters with unselfishness, and understanding. Then comes the crown of ripened grain to the harvest and that crown is a life of usefulness.

The overwhelming desire to be of service is the mark of the well-lived life.

But there are souls who seem to be forgotten in this culture of the Lord. "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth," is a Bible truth which will stand a deal of searching and meditation. Our usual prayer, whether we confess it to ourselves or not, is "Love me, O Lord, but suffer this cup to pass from me. Keep thy child only in the paths of peace and comfort."

We see these few "Forgotten" as we go our weary ways. These "Forgotten" who have never been tested. They wear an arrogant air as if it were their own superior management that had kept the iron of adversity from their souls. They are prolific of advice but are barren of actual sympathy.

They wear the intolerant air that says plainly that trouble must be the victim's own fault. They mingle comfortably with their own kind and the fact that there is misery in the world, they acknowledge as a fact, but it does not touch them. They have drifted through life absolutely untouched by any breath of adversity. They live their cold and prosperous days to the very end and no one has come to them for comfort or a word of welcome.

They are hedged in and self-contained. Their emotions have been stirred only on the surface. Their poor shallow souls have never lain stricken under the weight of sin nor mounted the glorious heights that the attained hope of a lifetime of struggle can give.

They have never stood quiet and prayerful beside a friend's Gethsemane, wistful to help and quick to understand and sustain. Their hearts have never thrilled at the scope of a youth's ambition. They have no conception of what struggle can be.

Among the common, everyday, thinking, feeling humanity, they are dolls or automatons. Over-bred, hypersensitive, they cling to the finicky niceties of life and cannot understand the robust appetites that demand bread. Vigor to them is coarse. The life-giving winds of the out-of-doors

must be tempered to their tender skins. The warm and tonic glow of noonday must be shaded. They shrink from fact and reality and the barren superficiality of their lives is translated by the world as elegance and refinement.

We do not see that these are but the pitiful trap-pings that cloak incompetence, behind which lurks only weakness. We do not realize that they are a cover drawn by the useless over themselves that they may hide the uselessness.

These "Few" are not to be envied. They are to be pitied.

They are the unpruned vines in the vineyard of the Lord. They are those from whom nothing can be expected because they have been passed by by the Master of the Vineyard.

They are the Forgotten.

AT OUR BOARD OF BOUNTY

HISTORY tells us that of the one hundred and two immigrants who landed at Plymouth Rock in the bleak winter of 1620 almost half of them died before the succeeding winter fairly set in. Three hundred years later, in comfortable homes, scattered across what was then a continent-wide wilderness we have little comprehension of the Pilgrims' cause for rejoicing when the last of their first harvest had been gathered in. Once a year it is good to contemplate our blessings, give thanks for the bounty that is ours.

Thanksgiving Day is the supper hour of the harvest. It is fitting that as the fields go to sleep the conscience of the nation should awake to invoice its assets.

Impatience is the propeller that drives forward the staunch ship of progress. Discontent is the fuel that feeds the boiler fires. But the discontent that does not see the good things achieved and takes no account of the assets that are housed at harvest time is as much a menace to the nation as fires taken from beneath the boilers and spread upon the deck. Fire is good or bad as it is used.

The Pilgrims, the pioneers, the makers of our colonies, the confederators of our states, the na-

tion-builders and those who carried the course of empire on its westward way, have a right to speak with the possessive pronoun of that which is "ours", and to glory in the unmatched American three hundred years that converted a continent-wide wilderness into the land of greatest liberty and abundant blessing.

The immigrant who comes to our shores because of his discontent with lesser liberties overseas, and who has no contribution to make to America's great cause, who does little else than condemn us because we have not formed ourselves to fit his limited notion of his personal needs is an insolent parasite who needs pity far less than he needs a lesson in that courage and heroism and vision that made the Stars and Stripes the nearest approach to Godliness that has yet been embodied in government.

In the ancient Talmud we find the story of the stringed instrument that rested over King David's bed so that when the gentle and refreshing breezes blew, it sounded sweetly of itself; "and he forthwith arose and occupied himself with the law until he saw the pillars of the dawn". The intelligent citizen of our country who knows what America is and what America means sweeps the strings of this Eolian harp on Thanksgiving Day that he may

again realize the ever greater beauty and the blessings that are ours.

Those who call living in so good a land an "upstream" struggle live with closed eyes and dulled ears, blind and deaf in the midst of beauty, abundance and blessings.

For three hundred years we have been making life less a struggle; we have been filling it more abundantly with all that is good. We are known as "the bread-basket of the world".

Ancient empires, knowing less well how to live, have wrecked themselves in wars born out of ignorance, provincialism, covetousness and hate while we have united states in love and brotherhood.

One of the early and beautiful traditions of our Thanksgiving Day is that he who hath much of the harvest bounty shall share with him who hath little or none.

When Europe's children were starving because their kings did not know how to rule with justice and with gentleness, this great Thanksgiving land of ours opened the doors of our vast pantry and fed them bread. No other land has ever done so great and benignant a deed. Such a country is a good country. Let the quibbling pessimist speak his dyspeptic mind as he may.

The man who would enjoy the hospitality of our harbors and condemn such good should be sent back to the land whence he came to once more learn the need which drove him here. When that lesson is learned, let him come back and he will not only be made welcome but he will then be eager to join in Thanksgiving.

America is built upon right principles. However often it may fail in practice, our flag is the emblem of fair play. Those who seek its shelter and condemn it are like unto those who could find fault in the irregular verb and distorted syntax of old Governor Bradford's first Thanksgiving proclamation, forgetting the spirit of its appeal, pulling petals off the stem with eyes too dull to see the beauty and radiance of the rose.

Thanksgiving Day is a distinctly American holiday. No other country has it. There is reason why we should have it. Fly the flag Thanksgiving Day. Put the beauty of our bunting into the blessings of that day when the whole nation speaks the word of grace at the board of bounty.

WAR

GERMANY plotted to be the capital of continents. Boasting of her leadership in civilization, she submitted to the passions of kings and war lords who, fanning the flames of hatred, showed the ugly countenance of battling boars.

Only a fool would throw away his riches; only a brute would wish to butcher a brother. Yet for hundreds of years civilized Europe following covetous crowns has burned her fields, blown up her bridges, fired her factories, ruined her commerce and credit, bombarded her churches, robbed her little children of the rightful heritage of a father's protective care, broken the hearts of her women with the burden of an unbearable grief and murdered her men by the millions. She has unwittingly traded her culture, industry, commerce, prosperity and peace and even her religion for wholesale murder and an appalling panorama of the world's greatest carnival of crime.

Through her centuries Europe has repudiated the leadership of the gentle Christ for that of the confiscating Caesar. This repudiation of Christianity and cultivation of greed is what the kings have called "the rally to the colors".

It has been the miserable business of miserable men whom foolish people have called their kings—weak, conscienceless creatures who fall short of the courage to live true to the higher patriotism of noble manhood. And these miserable creatures call this carnage “Glory”.

Were Europe devastated, as she is today, by flood, avalanche and earthquake, she would call it “an act of God”; she would pray for deliverance from such sickening scenes of needless sacrifice and wanton waste. But Europe is cursed not by an act of God, but by the act of men who pray to their God, urging His help to plunder, wreck and murder.

War is indeed “the foulest fiend that was ever vomited forth from the mouth of hell”. This World War has been too fiendish, too unreasoning, and too mammoth in its consequences to escape the searching scrutiny of future historians. They who are responsible for this exhibition of hell on earth will wear the crown of censure of succeeding generations.

Death in its most agonizing form, the wrecking of proud cities, the battering down of beautiful churches and great colleges, the devastation of the fruits of the field that the children of God shall starve, the spread of pestilence and plague—this

is what the bishop-blessed kings of Europe tell us is "good and glorious." This is what, with arch sacrilege, they command their armies to do in the name of the universal Father. This ghastly game is not without its hideous humor. The kings of opposing armies pray to the common Father, each requesting Him to send his army to victory. With two such urgent pleas, what is the perplexed God to do?

History reveals nothing so ridiculous as the exiled Kaiser's old gag about "Me und Gott."

War is the concentration of all human crimes. Under its "colors" gather hatred, malignity, violence armed with blunted tools for bloody deeds, rage, fraud, perfidy, greed and lust.

War does worse than murder; it turns men into beasts of prey. All wars are started by some injustice, an encroachment on the rights and liberties of men. Therefore the war itself is always wrong. The defense of rights and liberties, forced to fight, is always right.

But the recent World War, with all its mammoth horrors, will not have been fought in vain. It will emphasize the vicious value of jealousy. Its ledger will show that we lose more through devastation than we gain through conquest. It will tell to every peasant the folly of blind obe-

dience to silly and irreligious kings. It will show the Christ to be the real king; that justice and love are the real evidences of patriotism and that brotherhood is the real standard of all true "colors". "For what is a man profited, if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"

THE GOLD STARS

THERE was a time when the dark clouds of War crept threatening over our land and the anguish of riven heartstrings tortured our happy homes. Then with resolute brow and high heart, the flower of our young manhood marched away; and like the blue flowers of forget-me-nots countless stars shone in the front windows of our homes, mute but eloquent testimony that the heart of that home was "over there".

Bowed with the strain of separation and anxiety fathers and mothers went stoically on in the treadmill of everyday life. The community was knit together as never before by hopes and fears and common suffering.

As time went on, the cloud of anxiety deepened and gradually in the crucible of war a number of those blue stars turned to gold.

In later days of joy, because our heroes were coming back, there were those who stayed close in their homes, aloof from the happy throng.

To their ears the clamor of the bells and the din of the rejoicing whistles brought anguish. They had paid dearly for the safety of the world, for your freedom and mine. Never on earth is their yearning to be satisfied, their hearts comforted.

Time only can pour into their souls a consoling peace and pride. Apart they walk, hallowed by their grief, a nation's grief, and a thousand hearts pay homage to the gold stars of their brassards.

It is given some men to die for their fellow men. Their lives are measured not by span of time, but by their intensity and consecration. In one supreme heroic moment they attain the most Christ-like thing on earth, self-sacrifice.

The eternal power of the Universe is Love; and "Greater Love hath no man than this that he layeth down his life for his friend".

Well may these sorrowing fathers and mothers say, "If through this untimely cutting off of my son's promising life, and by the burden of lonely hours left me to bear until I too shall lay it down, the world shall have gone one step further in its great lesson of Brotherhood, my boy's brief days are glorified and I am proud and content."

It may comfort them that a woman in France leans over their son's grave and gives it tender care. While the happier women of America were adopting little French and Belgium children and trying to lift the blight of war from their innocent lives, the women of France and Belgium were adopting American graves. Their gratitude they would

define in an hallowed effort to keep green that holy ground.

What an epitome of desolation to be able to minister only to the dead. Into the American cemeteries they have gone to there write their names on the back of an American boy's cross as a witness to their responsibility for the care of that sacred spot.

The Gold Stars light our lives to tell us that a new world is born. The old world of insularity and isolation has fallen. Each new advance of science was a blow we were too blind to recognize.

Instead of peaceful evolution from the old ideal, "every man for himself," to the new ideal of responsibility of the strong for the weak, the change came with a crash.

Now enlightened minds of all nations are working on new philosophies and new compacts to meet the new conditions. And people whose lives, broadened by personal grief, have burst their old shell of individualism are enrolling every day in a new citizen-soldiery.

Churches and religious institutions are judged by their contributions to the new life, for this seeking after the new ideal is going to be one of the most practical and unsentimental of processes. If these institutions fail in their mission, they are

to be ignominiously cast aside for something more worthy.

"It must never happen again," is the message which our returning heroes, who lived through the hell fires of war, brought back to us. It was also the message of the boys they left over there.

The Gold Stars radiate their holy light that "it may never happen again".

No statesman is true to the dead who does not heed the Gold Stars' appeal and so build that it never can happen again.

Out of the anguish and renunciation come a sanctified patriotism, a rededicated freedom and a last rebuke to insolent arrogance.

The Gold Stars have risen to remind us that nations as well as men must remember and obey the message of Him Whose coming was told by the Great Gold Star of Time, the Gold Star that heralded the coming of another young life for sacrifice.

The Wise Men who followed that light found Him Who gave us the lasting law, Peace on Earth, Good Will Toward Men.

The new Gold Stars have arisen to tell us that that eternal law **MUST BE OBEYED**. Mind ye, their comrades have brought their message home.

THE ROAD TO PEACE

OUR so-called "civilization" still writhes in torment. The world cries in anguish for peace—peace, but there is no peace because the world is still ruled either by the prejudices that centuries of king-rule have cultivated or by the diplomatic intrigue that kings have taught and to which they still hold.

Great brains seldom grow under the pressure of a crown. The heart that is warmed by ermine is slow to sympathy. When the people rule the world, when the arbitrary power of kings is gone we will come within hailing distance of lasting peace. Then will courts be greater than kings, and people greater than courts.

From conquest to conquest went Alexander, drunk with the mad lust of power until he boasted that the whole world was one empire with the Macedonian phalanx as citadel. The same mad passion carried Rome to its fall; it fell because "it came to pass in those days that there went out a decree from Caesar Augustus that all the world should be taxed".

Charlemagne, Tamerlane, Frederick the Great and Napoleon are types of men who fought to make themselves world rulers. They fell.

Greed is the mother of all wars. No war was ever fought that was not prompted by greed. Because we were unwilling to be taxed by a government that gave us no voice in that government, we declared that there should be no taxation without representation and fought to defend that principle.

When half of this country stood for the right of one race to appropriate the labor of another and was ready to divide this nation and destroy our flag to defend that iniquitous doctrine, we enlisted as noble an army as ever put foot on the battle field and engaged in a righteous war to declare to the world that neither a king nor a class nor a race of men had a right to hold others in unwilling servitude.

These were vicious wars because they grew out of the insistence on the divine right of tyranny. They were holy wars because they defeated the advance of greed.

Every war violates all the teachings of the lowly Nazarene, all the prayers of the gentle Buddha, all the sayings of the sage Confucius and all the preachings of the philosophic Socrates. What can we call ourselves when we, as brothers of a common Father, turn into frightful foes!

Peace is the product of education. War is bestial. To look at the whole world today, we

must admit we are still in the stage of the cave man.

Who stops to think why the northwest corner of Pennsylvania is shoved up to get a bit of shore front on Lake Erie, why the original southern boundaries of the territories of Michigan and Wisconsin were moved north that the States of Indiana and Illinois might touch on the waters of Lake Michigan, why room was made between Maine and Massachusetts to let New Hampshire slip down to the sea, why Mississippi and Alabama were allowed to reach the Gulf? Look at your map and see.

It was because, when those surveys were made, there was still fear that these independent commonwealths might come to quarrel over trade rights and commercial expansion; it was before the days of railroads, when every state demanded a waterway out.

The need of such a survey today strikes us as absurd. Why? Because our railroads cross our state lines and know not when they cross.

Why is there no commercial wall between Indiana and Illinois, Kentucky and Tennessee? Because their commercial interests are one and their courts of appeals are common courts.

Our map is the relic, the happy relic of outgrown fears and barbaric contemplations.

Wild men fight because they have not learned how to reason out their differences, to arbitrate their disputes. To do so is the evidence of the developed mind.

Our United States have passed the stage of working against themselves. We have grown rich and powerful because we are united, bound together in the blessed bonds of peace. Division is weakness. Unity is strength.

As separate nations the world stands today torn by the ancient quarrels of kings. They are jealous and filled with fear lest one should gain a commercial advantage. So they set out to demolish, destroying even the commerce they covet. Such were the fears of the builders of our commonwealths when they began to mould our map.

So long as we are barbarians as nations, it is consummate folly to be unprepared. There is no peace worth having that is gained at the sacrifice of liberty. The only way we can build for the permanent peace which the education of all nations will bring is to underwrite the peace of the world by a righteous military of the world. Then may we maintain respect for an international supreme court. All battleships will then be a part of the great police force of the world.

Because the policemen in our cities patrol our streets prepared it does not mean that they are keen for conflict. But it does demonstrate that those so inclined are dissuaded from attempts to emulate the mighty kings, to engage in private war to gain property, territory or power. The police are the agencies that underwrite the peace of our cities. So will the police powers of the confederated nations of the world, the universal United States, underwrite the peace of all countries.

Then will come the education that will lift us out of the wild man era of nations into the manly era. Then will the forces that work for lasting internationalism come into their own.

In our cities the police forces are useful but not the highest forces. Our churches and colleges, our art galleries and libraries are evidences of peace and progress to which we point with pride. So, in the new internationalism which is destined to encircle the globe by virtue of the operation of our police powers and respect for our courts, religion will have the actual power that heretofore has been but a potential power; our consciences will be quickened by the philosophy of the seers, our imagination fired by the pictures of the painters, our souls sweetened by the universal language of

music and our inspiration and aspiration lifted to the altitude of the poets. This is the road to lasting peace.

THE CHRISTMAS LIGHT

NINETEEN hundred and twenty-three years ago, by calendar count, the Star of Bethlehem shone bright upon a world clothed in darkness. Now as then wise men walk in the wake of that light. Through an infinite wisdom that light came to the world at that time of ancient wonder. It came at a time when the minds of men turned to new thoughts, new resolutions and faced each other with reawakened joys.

Deep-rooted in ancient history were popular festivals that faced the broader light of widening days. Hindus, Egyptians, Romans, Druids, and Teutons all inherited the ancient custom of welcoming the return of the sun. It was their custom to give each other such presents as lanterns, torches, candles, things that signified light. So the Star of Bethlehem shone out upon a world that was eager to welcome a new and better light.

The coming of the Christ Child became, to the wise men of that time, the fitting climax to the dreams of an old world. To them as to us, it was the pure and perfect bloom of human goodness.

Through nineteen hundred and twenty-three years the old, old story has been leading mankind more and more into the wider, purer, better light

of living. The ancient custom of giving has by that light been baptized with the thought of spreading lasting joy, of practicing the Golden Rule, forgetting the game of getting in the good thought of giving, doing unto others as you would have them do unto you.

Through nineteen hundred and twenty-three years the light of Bethlehem has lured the wise men of the world, and the wise are always the most humble.

It matters little whether you be born in a palace or a manger. It matters much whether you give your life only to yourself or much to others. He gives most who gives himself. Your Christmas spirit is measured not by your material gifts but by your spiritual gifts. In his "Vision of Sir Launfal" Lowell made the Christ say,

"Who gives himself with his alms, feeds three,
"Himself, his hungering neighbor, and me."

Once a year the Christmas season brings us back to the good thought that gentleness and generosity are the crowning virtues, the jewels which make life radiant.

We put toys in the hands of children that they may learn to love the day of glad tidings. We teach them to look upon Christmas Day as the best

day, the day of light and joy, the happy day, the day of days.

Christmas calls to mind the truth that the higher you get in the realm of living, the less the law of getting holds true. He who believes he deserves much and sours upon a world that lays little in his lap, has not learned the lesson that shines down upon us in the light from the Bethlehem Star.

The babe has not earned a mother's love. But on the babe are showered caresses. Gifts are lavished on it from a higher life to which it looks for help and comfort and encouragement.

The parents' gifts come to the child as the unearned rain and sunshine come to us from a beneficent heaven above.

The best things come to us as gifts. Our nation with its accumulated riches, its free schools, its ideals, its institutions which fill us with pride, and the democracy of which we boast and often too little honor, was bequeathed to us by forefathers who fought for our good.

Were there nothing in this life better than a percentage table, no justice beyond the keen contest of the market, life would hold for us but shallow rewards.

The Star of Bethlehem is the light which leads us to a faith in a good and generous power above

us; it leads us not into division but into unity; it leads us to the thought of the great brotherhood of mankind, to the universal religion of the Golden Rule.

Kings and emperors have attempted to appropriate to themselves with mammoth conceit the title of "Defender of the Faith." With scarcely less arrogance the great theologians have attempted to pose with the same high presumption. But the poorest peasant who recognizes that he too must be his brother's keeper is no less the defender of the faith, the bearer of glad tidings and the disciple of Him Who went about doing good than they who robe themselves in vestments and ornament their heads with jeweled crowns.

They are the defenders of the great universal faith who, recognizing the higher power, go about obedient to the dictates of that power, doing good and spreading glad tidings.

The great truth of a universal brotherhood came to Moses, it came to Buddha, it came to Confucius, Socrates and Zoroaster, and He Who was manger-born under the Bethlehem Star brought it to us. It was a light which shone not alone for Calvin, or Wesley or Channing; it came not alone to those who mounted pulpits. It came to Voltaire, to Lincoln and to Tolstoi; it reveals itself to all who

labor long in the Christmas spirit, spreading peace on earth and good will toward men.

They honor the Christ most and celebrate the good day of giving best who keep the good game of giving going until the next Christmas day comes, making the light of gladness shine not alone upon one day but upon all days, spreading the wonderful light of the Bethlehem Star over all the earth, and through all the days of the year.

THE OLD YEAR'S GIFT

EACH year is a step in the stairs of time. Life lifts itself ever higher. Days die but time lives. Time accumulates but discards that which will not serve the needs of future years. The day is the doer. Time the assorter. Time is the tester. Our art galleries and libraries are filled with only those works that come from master-minds—that which is too good to cast off, that which reveals an enduring truth or inspires a new.

When the last leaf of the calendar is turned A Happy New Year is the thought with which we greet the friend. We look ahead; we do not contemplate “the happy old year”. We let it die glad to greet the new. The new is The New Chance—Opportunity to do better. And that which provokes this eagerness to do better is the experience of the days that are dead.

Time is a teacher, ever bringing us new lessons, new problems and revealing new duties, lifting us constantly into higher aspirations, more difficult labors and greater deeds. We find that “New occasions teach new duties, time makes ancient good uncouth.”

Three hundred and four years ago Pilgrim fathers landed on the bleak, rock coast of Cape

Cod. Here they welcomed the isolation that meant liberty and protection against encroachment of foreign potentates. A century and a half later we found the sea was not so wide and that we had to fight to keep that freedom.

We have gone through a world-wide cataclysm in an effort to protect our precious country, that laboratory in which is being tried the experiment of the practicability of Christ's Golden Rule, while it is still in the making.

The isolation that was once our security is now our danger. If we try to hide in that isolation we may find ourself in a war wrecked world. If we would perpetuate peace, we must join hands across the sea to build a binding brotherhood of nations that will pledge itself to boycott the imperial bully that would wage a war.

The fellowship of Plymouth widened into the fellowship of colonies. That fellowship widened into a mighty United States. Each has been the receding year's constructive contribution to the New Year as it came. And each New Year as it comes, is surely bringing us into that international fellowship that will seek to make men live gloriously rather than die gloriously.

Throw a stone into the still pool and the resultant wave rings constantly widen. So does a sim-

ple strong deed start a widening circle in the course of time.

As each Old Year goes and each New Year comes we find the circle of ideals of the builders of America widening and widening and widening to include in the scheme of justice, the rights of The Other Man everywhere. This is each Old Year's gift to the New.

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